



NOVEMBER NO. 12

Captain

AERO

Comics

10c



THE DAZZLING
"MISS VICTORY"
FIGHTING female
FIRETHROAT
IN ANOTHER
TAKE-NO-HOLD
ADVENTURE

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



Captain **AERO**

"KING OF THE CLOUD-BUSTERS!"

YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE
TO WATER, BUT YOU
CAN'T MAKE HIM
DRINK.

YET, CAPTAIN AERO
KNOWS THAT EVEN
JAPS CAN BE MADE
TO BEHAVE, AND HE
PROVES IT WHEN
HE TANGLES WITH

•The Jerks of
Japan!•

by CHAS. M.
QUINLAN



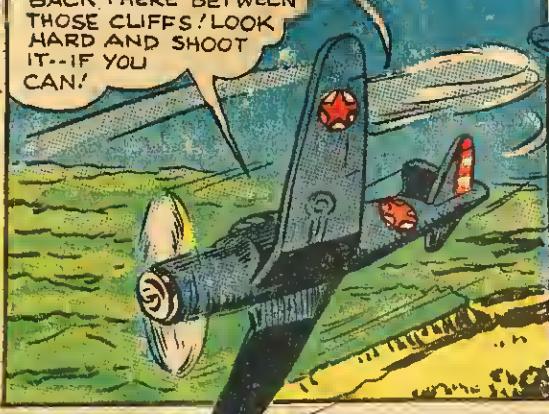
HIGH OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF HUNAN PROVINCE IN CHINA, A LONE AMERICAN OBSERVATION PLANE BANKS SUDDENLY AND HEADS BACK TOWARDS IT'S BASE.

WHAT'S UP JERRY? WHY THE SUDDEN RUSH FOR HOME?

BACK THERE BETWEEN THOSE CLIFFS! LOOK HARD AND SHOOT IT--IF YOU CAN!

O.K. I'M ALL SET TO SHOOT, BUT I DONT SEE ANYTHING!

WELL SHOOT THE TWO CLIFFS, ANYHOW HURRY!



I'VE GOT IT JERRY, BUT I'LL BE HANGED IF I KNOW WHY YOU WANTED A SHOT OF THAT!

YOU'LL SEE WHY WHEN WE GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND DEVELOP THAT FILM!

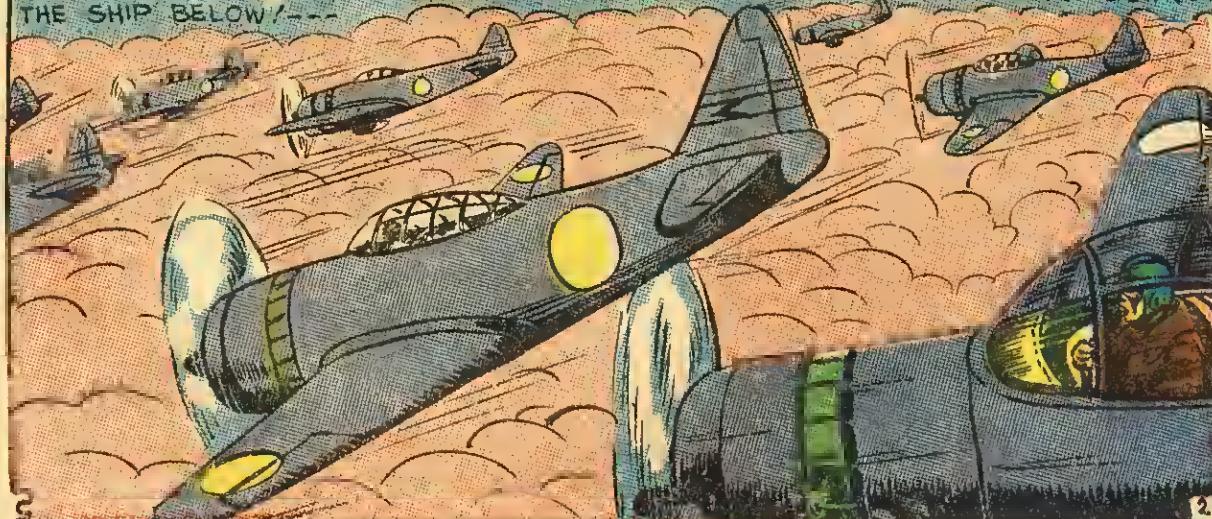


...BUT THE FILM IS NOT DESTINED TO REACH HEADQUARTERS JUST YET, FOR...

AMERICAN OBSERVATION PLANE DIRECTLY BELOW-- WE WILL GO DOWN NOW IN BLANKET ATTACK! HOLD FIRE! WE MUST FORCE IT TO LAND UNDAMAGED-- GO!



WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR THE ENTIRE SQUADRON OF JAP ZEROS SWOOP DOWN ON THE SHIP BELOW!---



MEANWHILE, AT A FORMER FLYING TIGER BASE, ABOUT FIFTY MILES FROM THE SCENE OF THE JAP ATTACK ON THE OBSERVATION PLANE...

C'MON, SKIPPER! I'M ALL SET TO GIVE YOU A RIDE IN MY FLY-BUGGY!

JUST A MINUTE, AERO--I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU! HEY, GREG!

FINISH UP THESE REPORTS, WILL YOU? I'LL SIGN THEM WHEN I GET BACK--THAT IS, IF I DON'T GET KILLED RIDIN WITH THIS CRAZY GALOOT IN THAT NIGHTMARE OF HIS ----

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF! YOU'LL BE AS SAFE IN THAT SHIP AS YOU WOULD BE IN A MEAT-GRINDER! HA! HA!



A FEW MINUTES LATER
OKAY, SKIPPER--GET IN--
DON'T BE SCARED--!

WHY, YOU LOP-EAR-ED DODD! I COULD PUT A MOTOR ON A WASHBOARD, AND FLY RINGS AROUND THIS CONTRAPTION!

I'LL BET YOU COULD AT THAT! ALL SET? BELT TIGHT? HERE WE GO!!!

A STEADY ROAR OF THE MOTOR, AND CAPTAIN AERO'S GREAT MYSTERY SHIP SWINGS AROUND INTO THE WIND--!



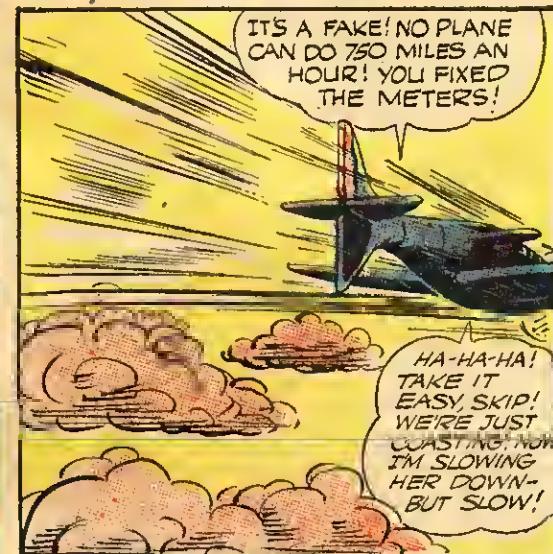
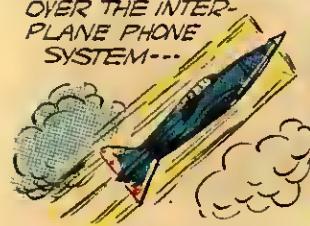
LIKE A FRIGHTENED BIRD IT DARTS DOWN THE RUNAWAY FOR FIFTY YARDS --AND--



SUDDENLY IT SEEMS TO LEAP OFF THE GROUND AND ZOOMS UPWARD INTO THE BLUE--!

WOW! WHAT A TAKE-OFF! THE DANGED THING SCRAMS LIKE A JACK-RABBIT!

THE TERRIFIC SPEED OF THE CLIMB, AND THE FORCE OF HABIT, COMPEL "SKIPPER BILL" TO GLANCE SHARPLY AT THE ALTIMETER--A LOOK OF CONSTERNATION SPREADS OVER HIS USUALLY TACITURN FACE, AND HE SHOUTS FRANTICALLY TO AERO OVER THE INTER-PLANE PHONE SYSTEM--



WHAT TH-! HEY! THAT LITTLE WING IS TEARING LOOSE! NO IT AINT! IT'S SPINNING AROUND, AND SLOWING US UP---

HOW'S THAT, YOU OLD DOUBTING THOMAS? FROM 750 MILES AN HOUR, TO 40--IN 10 SECONDS, FLAT!!

I DONT BELIEVE IT! IT'S A FAKE! IT CAN'T BE DONE! THE CHANGE OF SPEED IS TOO GREAT--IT WOULD TEAR OUR WINGS OFF! AERO! LOOK! LOOK BELOW! ZEROS! A LOT OF 'EM!

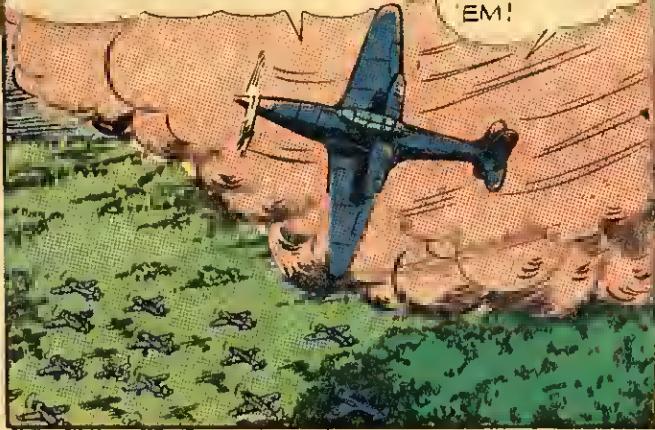
HOLY CATS! THERE'S AT LEAST FORTY OF 'EM! BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING?



THEN, THROUGH THE STRANGE FORMATION OF JAP SHIPS, AERO SEES THE REASON FOR THIS ODD MANEUVER...

IT'S JERRY'S OBSERVATION SHIP! THEY'RE FORCING HIM DOWN!!

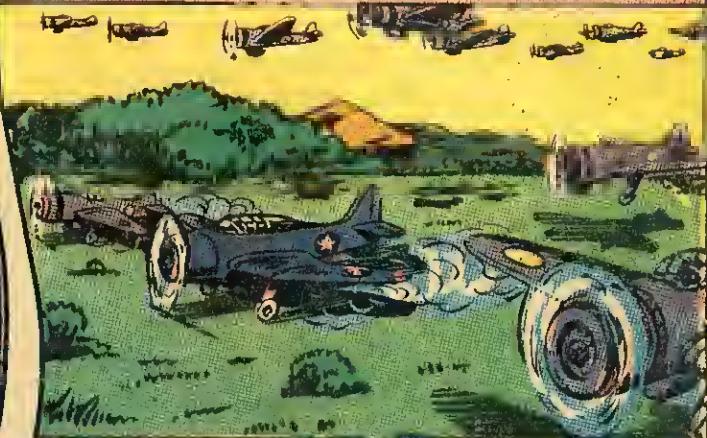
COME ON, THEN! LET'S GO GET EM!



HOLD IT BILL! WE CAN'T DO THAT! IF WE ATTACK, THEY'LL BLAST HIM TO PIECES! WAIT! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!!



--WHATEVER CAPTAIN AERO'S IDEA IS, IT HAD BETTER WORK FAST, BECAUSE JERRY IS IN A TOUGH SPOT--
--ALREADY HIS WHEELS HAVE TOUCHED THE GROUND, AND THREE ZEROS ARE LANDING WITH HIM--



AS THE PLANES ROLL TO A STANDSTILL, TWO OF THE JAP PILOTS RUSH OUT, AND RUN TOWARDS THE HELPLESS YANK Fliers--!

WELL, BUDDY, HERE THEY COME--THEY WON'T KILL US YET, OR THEY WOULDN'T HAVE GONE TO THE TROUBLE OF FORCING US DOWN--!



COME!
GET OUT!
QUICK!

OKAY-OKAY!
BUT LAY
OFF THE
ROUGH STUFF-
OR ELSE--

OUR MEN HAVE CAPTURED THE STUPID AMERICANS! RESUME FORMATION, AND RETURN TO BASE! CAPT. YAKI, TAKE COMMAND --- I AM GOING TO LAND AND PERSONALLY QUESTION THE PRISONERS ---



OH-OH--HERE COMES THE BIG SHOT! I'LL BET THE FIRE-WORKS START--NOW!

QUIET, DOG! HONORABLE COMMANDER PERMITS NO TALKING BY PRISONERS UNTIL HIS ARRIVAL!



LOOK JERRY, WE AINT SUPPOSED TO TALK--BUT, IF IT LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR US, LET'S GO OUT WITH SOME COMPANY ALONG ---

SHUT UP! COMMANDER COMES-- ATTENTION!



--AT EASE, GENTLEMEN! MY SYMPATHIES FOR YOUR UNFORTUNATE PREDICAMENT--BUT, WAR IS WAR, AND THE WEAK MUST ACCEPT DEFEAT GRACEFULLY--YOUR NAMES, PLEASE---!



JACKNIFE" JERRY, AND "ONE PUNCH" MCGEE! --AND WE'LL KICK YOUR BUCK TEETH IN BEFORE WE TELL YOU ANYTHING!



OH--SO YOU WOULD BE DROLL, EH!--- HE-HE! I TOO, HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR-- THERE IS A JAPANESE GAG--TAKE THAT!!!

CORNY, CHUM! I DIDN'T GET IT!



--BUT, GET A LOAD OF THIS! IT'LL KILL YUH --- I HOPE!

YI-YI-YI! GET HIM!



DON'T MOVE,
YOU, OR I
SHOOT--!!

WHAP!

IT WILL GO BAD WITH
YOUR IMPETUOUS
FRIEND WHEN COM-
MANDER RECOVERS,
AND YOU TOO, WILL
SUFFER FOR HIS
RASHNESS --!!

AW, SHUT UP! IF HE'D
HAVE MADE THAT
PASS AT ME I'D HAVE
DONE THE SAME
THING, MYSELF --!!!!

AFTER A
FEW MINUTES
OF HURRIED
MINISTRATIONS
AND A COPIOUS
DRINK OF
SAKI --- THE
DISCOMFITED
COMMANDER
REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS,
AND, IN AN
ALMOST
UNCONTROLLABLE
RAGE, GETS
TO HIS
FEET--!!!

DOG OF AN AMERICAN!
FOR THIS, YOU SHALL
DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS!
I, PERSONALLY WILL SKIN
YOU ALIVE, AND YOUR
SKINLESS BODY WILL
BE COVERED WITH
SALT FOR THE VUL-
TURES TO EAT!!

STRIP HIM, AND TIE HIM
SPREAD-EAGLED WHERE
HE LAYS! AND BRING
MY SWORD--!

--WE SHALL
OF COURSE, RE-
STORE HIM TO
CONCIOUSNESS,
BEFORE YOU
PROCEED!!

GRINNING GLEEFULLY LIKE DEMONS, THE
JAP PILOTS HASTILY PREPARE THE HAP-
LESS MAN FOR THE INHUMAN ORDEAL ---

HE IS READY, OH
HONORABLE ONE--
WE ENVY YOU YOUR
PLEASURE--

NOW YOU CAN WITNESS HOW THE
SOLDIERS OF JAPAN WILL CONQUER
YOU STUPID AMERICANS, AND ALL
RACES WHO WOULD
DEFY US ----!!!



TIE HIM UP, AND WE WILL GO ON WITH THE CEREMONY --!

I REGRET THE NECESSITY OF THIS PROCESSION, BUT, WHEN I START PEELING YOUR FOOLHARDY COMPANION, THESE ROPES WILL SAVE YOU FROM COMMITTING SUICIDE!

YOU MEAN, IT'LL SAVE YOU FROM COMMITTING SUICIDE!

DON'T CONTRADICT ME DOG--TAKE THAT! -- AM WASTING TIME' NOW, MAYBE YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW--

WITHOUT FURTHER ADDO, THE JAP COMMANDER RUNS HIS FINGER OVER THE SAMURAI SWORD--THEN, GRINNING EVILLY, HE BENDS DOWN AND FEELS THE SKIN OF THE VICTIM!

HE-HE-HE!
SKIN IS SOFT,
AND SWORD
IS DULL--

SLOWLY THE WICKED WEAPON APPROACHES THE TREMBLING SKIN--THE TERRIBLE ORDEAL IS ABOUT TO BEGIN--

--BUT, SUDDENLY, AS THE SWORD DESCENDS, THE JAP PITCHES FORWARD--

AGHRRR!

FOR A FLEETING MOMENT, THE JAP PILOTS STAND SPELLBOUND. THEN, WITH ONE ACCORD THEY RUSH TO THE AID OF THEIR STRICKEN COMMANDER----!



--AS THEY TURN THE LIMP FIGURE OVER, THEIR VIO暴US FACES BLANCH WITH SURPRISED FEAR.



-FOR DIRECTLY IN THE CENTER OF THE COMMANDER'S FOREHEAD IS A NEATLY-DRILLED BULLET-HOLE--!



BUT, THEIR SURPRISE QUICKLY TURNS TO ANGER! AND THEY PREPARE TO VENT THEIR WRATH ON THE HELPLESS CAPTIVES----!

OUR COMMANDER IS DEAD!! SHOT!! HOW, I DO NOT KNOW--BUT, THIS MAN IS GUILTY OF HIS MURDER, SO I WILL KILL HIM, NOW!



--BUT, AS THE FURIOUS JAP IS ABOUT TO PULL THE TRIGGER, HE TOO, SUDDENLY STIFFENS AND PITCHES HEADLONG ON HIS FACE---!



THE TRICKLE OF BLOOD COMING FROM A HOLE BETWEEN HIS EYES IS TOO MUCH FOR THE TWO REMAINING PILOTS--WITH A WILD YELL THEY DASH FRANTICALLY FOR THEIR PLANES--!



LEAPING INTO THE COCKPITS, THEY GUN THE MOTORS--THEN CAREEN WILDLY OVER THE ROUGH TERRAIN--AND TAKE OFF!--

HOLY SMOKES! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? BOTH OF 'EM SHOT, AND I DIDN'T HEAR A SOUND!

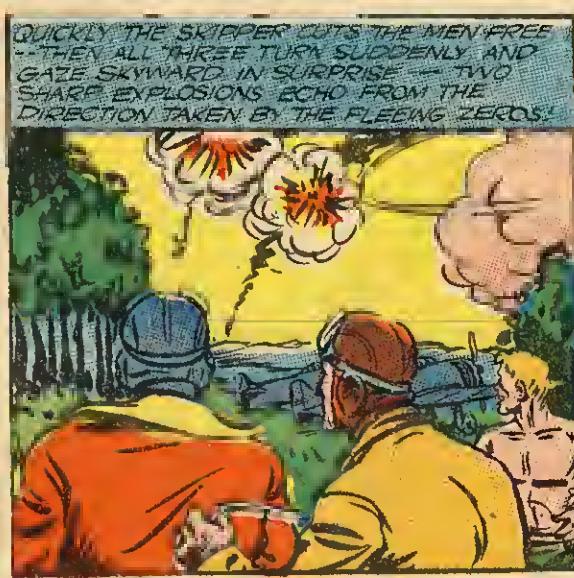
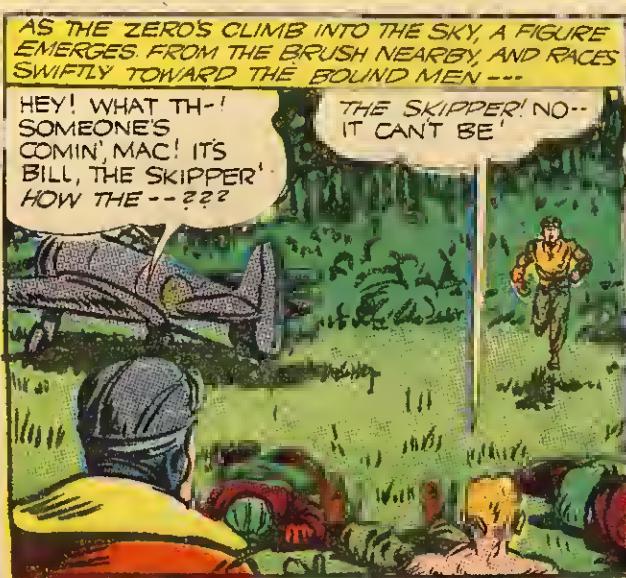


AS THE ZERO'S CLIMB INTO THE SKY, A FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE BRUSH NEARBY, AND RACES SWIFTLY TOWARD THE BOUND MEN ---

HEY! WHAT TH-! SOMEONE'S COMIN', MAC! IT'S BILL, THE SKIPPER! HOW THE -- ???

THE SKIPPER! NO-- IT CAN'T BE!

QUICKLY, THE SKIPPER CUTS THE MEN FREE -- THEN ALL THREE TURN SUDDENLY AND GAZE SKYWARD IN SURPRISE -- TWO SHARP EXPLOSIONS ECHO FROM THE DIRECTION TAKEN BY THE FLEEING ZEROS!



- AERO CUTS HIS MOTOR AND DIVES FOR THE GROUND-- 800 MILES PER HOUR! I THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS, BUT HE PULLS UP SOMEHOW, HANGED IF I KNOW HOW, AND LANDS IN A CLEARING ABOUT THE SIZE OF YOUR HAT! THEN HE YANKS OUT A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE EQUIPPED WITH A SILENCER--! YOU KNOW THE REST---



WELL, WHEN THE JAPS SCRAMMED, HE LIT OUT AFTER 'EM! HERE HE COMES NOW! HEY, AERO! WHAT DELAYED YOU--? WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?



-- SO I DROPPED COUPLE OF EGGS ON IT-- SHE SURE MADE A BEAUTIFUL BOOM PICTURE--!



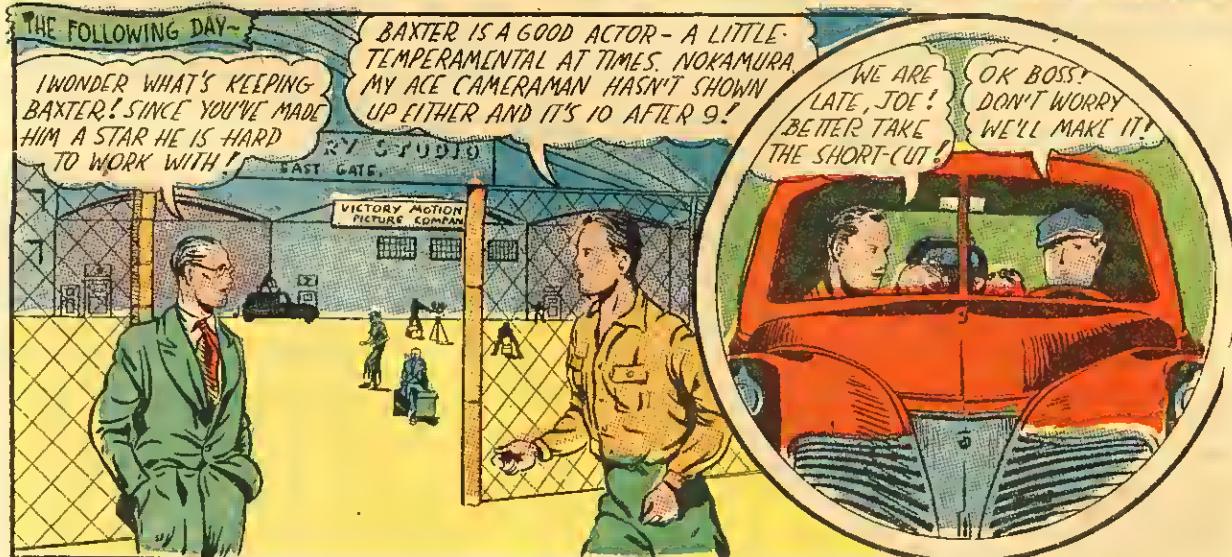
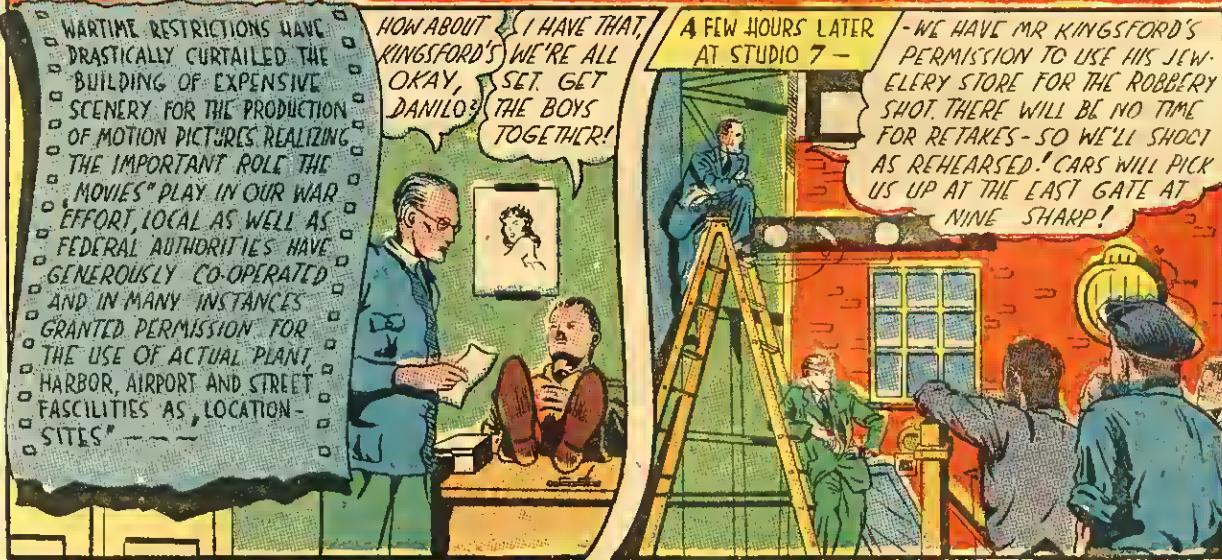
A THRILLING AND UNUSUAL SKY-HIGH ADVENTURE EVERY MONTH WITH CAPT. AERO IN Captain Aero Comics!

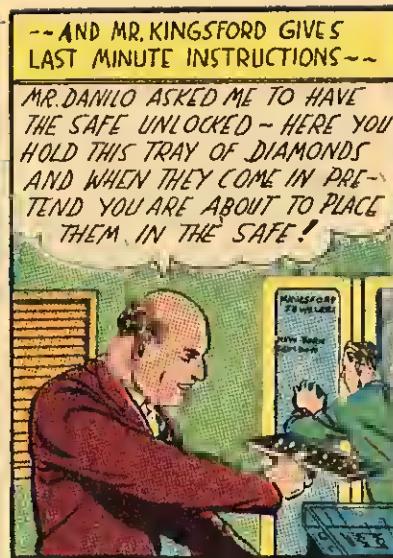
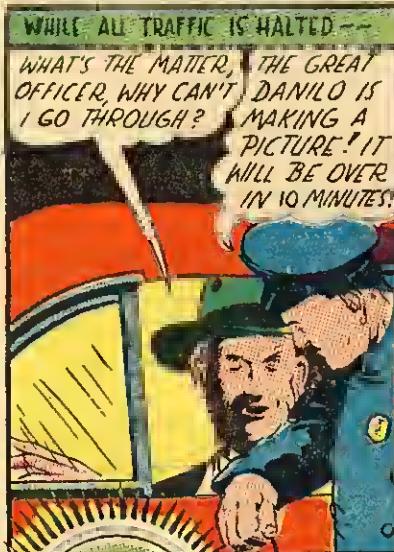
COUNTER SPY

FEATURING
Jerry
Malone

STORY
8
ART
by
HERMAN
BROWNER

COUNTER-ESPIONAGE, A COMPARATIVELY NEW BRANCH OF OUR GOVERNMENT'S WAR ACTIVITY HAS - EXCEPT ON RARE OCCASIONS - SUCH AS THE CAPTURE OF EIGHT NAZI-SABOTEURS BROUGHT TO OUR SHORES BY GERMAN SUBMARINES - RECEIVED LITTLE PUBLICITY. NEVERTHELESS, MEN AND WOMEN OF HIGH COURAGE TOIL DAY AND NIGHT TO PROTECT OUR HOMEFRONT FROM SABOTAGE AND PREVENT VITAL INFORMATION FROM REACHING OUR ENEMIES. IT IS TO THESE HEROIC, BUT OF NECESSITY SILENT FIGHTERS, THAT THIS FEATURE IS DEDICATED.





MEANWHILE IN AN ABANDONED GARAGE, NOT FAR FROM THE STUDIO -

I HOPE THEY HAVEN'T KILLED HASTINGS! - IF I ONLY COULD ATTRACT OUTSIDE ATTENTION!

ALFIERI DANILO, DIRECTOR OF MANY ESCAPES, HAS DIFFICULTY EFFECTING HIS OWN --

IT SEEMS THE ENTIRE WORLD HAS GONE STONE DEAF! I CAN'T KEEP THIS UP MUCH LONGER!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER --

WE'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN NO TIME, NEVER MIND THAT NOW! MR. DANILO! HOW DID THIS HAPPEN? HOW IS HASTINGS!!

HE IS STILL ALIVE!

Report #4
late last night local police found Danilo and his party. Sound man Hastings, who was seriously injured and removed to nearby hospital. Have made arrangement with local union to replace Hastings at the Victory Studios.

FINE, WYLER, REPORT TO DIRECTOR DANILO ON STAGE 7 --

SEVERAL DAYS HAVE PASSED, WHEN --

HEY, WYLER, RAISE YOUR MIKE A BIT! IS THAT HIGH ENOUGH? TESTING!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT, BAXTER! REMEMBER WHO MADE YOU!

CAN THE DRAMATICS, DANILO! ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME THAT MONEY!!

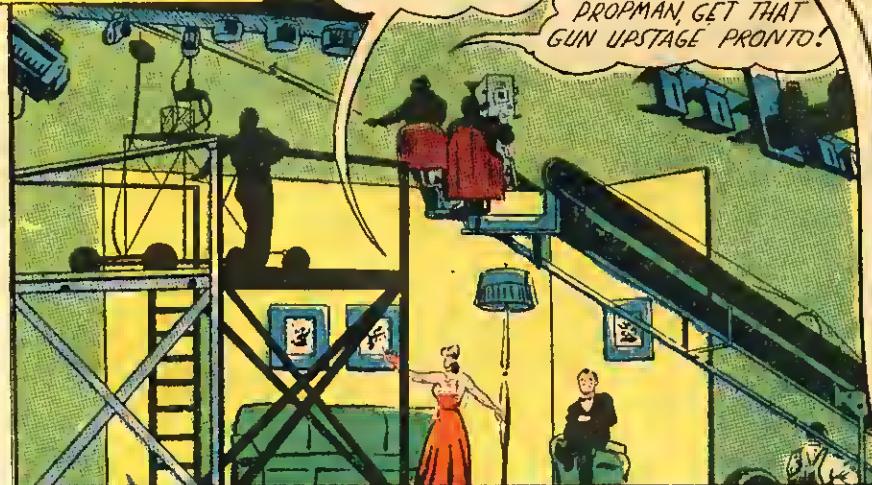
A FEW MOMENTS LATER REHEARSAL BEGINS --

WHERE IS THE GUN, MR. DANILO?

WHAT IS THIS, A KINDERGARDEN! PROP MAN, GET THAT GUN UPSTAGE PRONTO!

--AND AFTER A COUPLE OF RETAKES--

CUT-CUT-CUT! NO, NO! STELLA! YOU ARE ABOUT TO KILL THIS SCOUNDREL! PUT MORE HATE AND LOATHING INTO YOUR BEAUTIFUL PAN! - NOW LET'S TRY IT AGAIN!



PUT YOUR TOY AWAY, VIVIAN! NOT BEFORE I SETTLE MY SCORE WITH YOU-TAKE THAT!



Report #10

Baxter died without regaining consciousness. Police are investigating, but believe shooting to be accidental as stagehands used weapon in target practice and bullet may have been left in gun through oversight. Only final scenes of Danilo's ill-fated epic remain to be shot in none of which Baxter appears. Location site Global aircraft plant. Hastings recovering slowly, but of little help. Seems to have lost his mind.

page 3



EXCELLENT! YOU CAN GET UP NOW, BAXTER!

GOOD GOSH! BAXTER HAS PLAYED HIS LAST ROLE, DANILo! ANOTHER CASE OF THEY DID NOT KNOW IT WAS LOADED!



AT THE MEDICAL CENTER --

WHEN DO YOU THINK HASTINGS HARD TO SAY, MR. WYLER. IT WILL BE WELL MAYBE WEEKS BEFORE HE CAN RECOGNIZE EVEN THE SIMPLEST OBJECTS.



DISAPPOINTED, JERRY MALONE LEAVES THE HOSPITAL



THE SAME NIGHT AT THE HOSPITAL --

- AND RETURNS TO THE STUDIO --

HELLO, WYLER! THANKS MUCH HOW IS BETTER! THE DOC SAYS HE'LL BE ABLE TO TALK TOMORROW!

NO SMOKING!



I HEARD YOU SAY HASTINGS IS IMPROVING, WYLER! - I'M GLAD, HE IS A GOOD MAN!



HASTINGS MUST HAVE KNOWN HIS ASSAILANT, WHO, AFTER SLUGGING HIM, LEFT HIM FOR DEAD -- IF MY IDEA THAT THIS IS AN INSIDE JOB IS CORRECT, WE WILL SOON HAVE A VISITOR!





Report #2

the arrest of Jagger-Joe definitely establishes the correctness of my theory. Although the prisoner refuses to talk, a police check-up identifies him as Tony Mario's triggerman



O.K. MY STUFF IS IN THE CAR. I WONDER WHO PUT THAT CAN THERE?

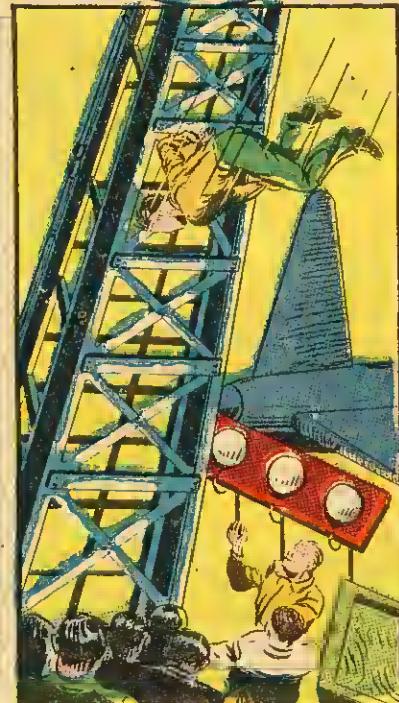


OOPS! SORRY! YOUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER, YOU CAN PASS!

AS THE
CAMERA NEARS
A VITAL SPOT
IN THE
PLANT~

I'M RUNNING OUT OF
FILM, MR. DANILO! YOU HAD
A LOT OF RETAKES TODAY
AND THIS SCENE JUST
ABOUT FINISHES REEL 2!

WHAT? ALREADY?!!
WELL--CUT-CUT!
I'LL CALL A SHORT
REST WHILE YOU
RELOAD!



final report #31 page 2
--Kurt Schweiger, better known as Alfieri Danilo, died of a broken neck. Schweiger was a clever nazi-spy and saboteur. To obtain the industrial diamonds and avert suspicion he hired Tony Mario, staged the hold-up of his own party and had Mario do the actual jewel robbery. -- Hastings recognized Mario, who attempted to kill him. However, Baxter too remembered having seen Danilo and Mario together. Baxter tried to use his knowledge to blackmail Danilo, only to pay with his life for his audacity. It was Danilo who put the bullet in Stella's gun. The rest was chidplay. He simply ordered enough retakes until the fatal bullet was fired. Mario and his gang were rounded up and the loot recovered. -- J.M.

ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE SOON!

YELLOW-BELLY!

The party was almost over. Bill Stires, chairman of the shop Victory Committee was handing the shockproof and waterproof watch over to Joe Harris. "Now go out and give 'em hell," he was saying. "Your friends at the Stanley Cigar Box Manufacturing Department are counting on you. We're proud of you Joe. We hate to see you go but in a way we envy you your opportunity to show those gangsters they can't go pushing people around and get away with it. And to make sure you have a good time wherever you happen to go, we've all chipped in and bought you this watch, guaranteed not to lose a second for the duration."

Seventy-two members of the company staff laughed at the sally. This was the eighth time they had laughed at it, for Joe was number eight to be called from the shop.

"We hope that victory comes soon and that you'll return to your job as strong of limb as you are today," Bill went on. A visible shudder went through Joe.

"And stronger of heart," murmured Sally Flash of the label-pasting department to the girl beside her. "I always knew he was yellow. Just look at him shake, will you."

And indeed Joe's hand was unsteady as he took the watch. His face was devoid of color.

"Maybe he's just nervous about the party," suggested the girl. "After all—"

"Party, nothing," said Sally. "He's been looking like that since the day he got the 'Greetings' paper. He's scared stiff, that's what he is."

Warren Olsen, standing nearby, joined the conversation. "Scared stiff is the word," he agreed. "I know. I work at the next machine to him. Why, the guy's been talkin' to himself for a week. None of the other fellows acted that way before they left."

"And now we'll have a few words from the departing guest of honor," Bill concluded formally. He hopped off the iron stool on which he had been standing and Joe clumsily took his place.

"What'd I tell you?" said Sally. "he's almost too nervous to stand up. What a washout he turned out to be."

"Sure," Warren added. "The guys are all wise to him. He's just a yellow belly."

Joe heard the ugly words. With a mumbled "Thanks, everybody," he ran from the room. "Yellow belly," he muttered.

When he got home he went right to his room. His mother's eyes followed him, but she said not a word. After a while she knocked at his door. There was no reply. A tear rolled down her cheek and she went back to her sewing. "Poor Joe," she sighed. "He takes it so hard. I wish he were a little different. After all—"

The next morning, before he left, Joe hugged his mother to him. "I'm sorry about last night, Mom," he said. "I guess I'll just have to get used to the idea."

At the induction center Joe went through a thorough physical examination. "Why are you so nervous?" asked the doctor. "I'm not going to operate. You're not scared, are you—a big chunk of American soldier like you?"

"You mean I'm—" Joe cut his own question short. "Where's a telephone?" he demanded. "I've got to get to a telephone!"

He ran out of the examining room into the waiting room. There was a coin box telephone on the wall. "Gimme a nickel, somebody!" he yelled. Half a dozen nickels were offered to him by as many astonished and laughing inductees.

"Hey! You can't do that!" shouted the doctor, who had followed him. "You're in the Army now!"

Joe finished dialing. "What did you say?" he asked, turning to the doctor.

"Hello," came his mother's voice.

"I said you're in the Army now," bellowed the doctor.

"Mom! Do you hear that? I'm in the Army. They took me! I don't have to go back to work and face that gang at the shop again. I can keep the watch. Boy, am I glad I didn't have the nerve to tell the fellows about the ulcers I thought I had. Mom! Hey, Mom! What's the idea! First you cry because you think I can't get into the Army and now you're crying because I'm in."

He turned happily to the doctor. "Ain't women funny?" he said.

He went back to the examining room and started to dress. "Say, Doc," he asked. "why do I always get pains in my stomach?"

The doctor motioned to the next inductee to come forward. "Oh, I guess it's because you've got a couple of stomach ulcers, young fellow," he replied. "Nothing serious, though. Army life'll fix 'em up in no time."

Captain Aero Comics presents....

"The RED CROSS"

The Red Cross solves The enigma of "THOSE WHO NEVER CAME BACK"

DRAWN By **JACK ALDERMAN**
Story By **SYLVAN H. STEIN**

THE MIGHTY RED CROSS... BORN OF EVERLASTING
STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM, IS THE FIGHTING SYMBOL OF
DOOM TO ALL THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY THE
FOUNDATIONS OF HUMANITY. FOLLOW HIS BLAZING
TRAIL AS HE CROSSES SWORDS WITH THE MEAN AND
VENOMOUS JAPS....

SOMEWHERE IN THE PHILIPPINES A
YOUNG ARMY DOCTOR PETER HALL,
IS STATIONED...



ORDERS HAVE JUST
COME FROM HEAD-
QUARTERS TO-NIGHT
WE START INVADING
THE ISLANDS HELD
BY THE JAPANESE. THE
ISLAND OF CORON WILL
BE FIRST!

THAT ONE
SHOULD BE
EASY. THERE
IS ONLY A VERY
SMALL CAMP
OF JAPS ON
CORON!



LATE THAT NIGHT, AN IMPORTANT THING HAPPENS

NOW REMEMBER MEN
NO NOISE AT ANYTIME!



THREE
HOURS
LATER...

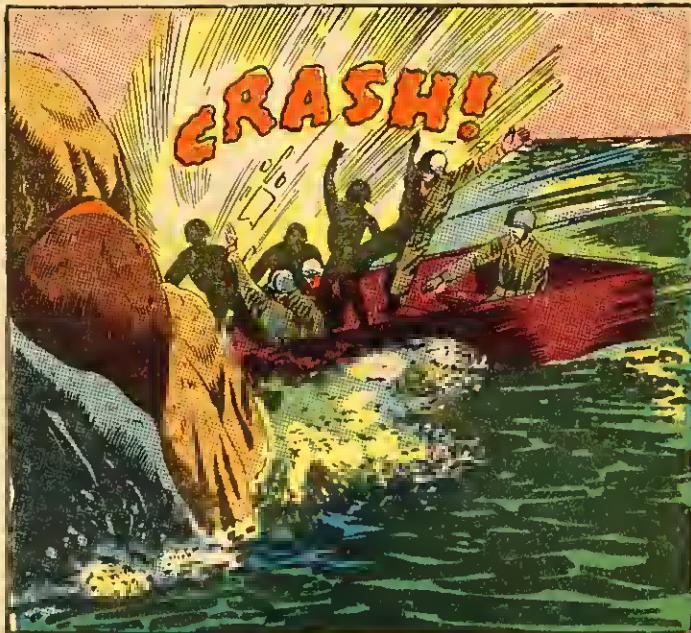
OUR MEN SHOULD HAVE
EVERYTHING CLEANED UP
BY NOW. WISH I COULD
HAVE GONE ALONG
WHAT'S THAT?



THAT MUST BE
SOME OF THE MEN
COMING BACK WITH
GOOD NEWS. H-HE'S
HEADING FOR THOSE
ROCKS! HEY!
LOOK OUT!



CRASH!



MY LEG! OH! MY
LEG!!!

HERE, YOU
MEN! GET HIM
BACK TO THE
MEDICAL TENT!
QUICK!

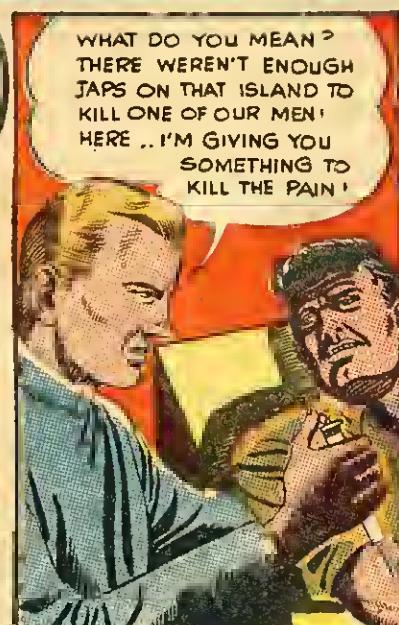


HOLD ON TIGHT,
SOLDIER! THIS LEG
WILL BE SET IN A
MINUTE. WHERE
ARE ALL THE MEN?
HAVE THEY TAKEN
THE ISLAND YET?

THEY'RE
ALL DEAD.
I'M THE
ONLY SUR-
VIVOR.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
THERE WEREN'T ENOUGH
JAPS ON THAT ISLAND TO
KILL ONE OF OUR MEN!
HERE .. I'M GIVING YOU
SOMETHING TO
KILL THE PAIN!



I KNOW. THE JAPS DIDN'T KILL US. OUR MEN KILLED THEMSELVES.

THEY WHAT?

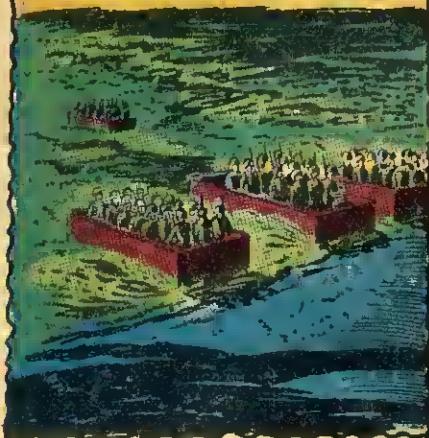
YES IT'S TRUE. IT WAS HORRIBLE. AS YOU KNOW, WE STARTED OUT IN FIVE LANDING BARGES.



"I WAS IN THE LAST BARGE TO REACH THE BEACH-HEAD. WE HAD FALLEN BEHIND A BIT ON THE TRIP..."

"TO OUR SURPRISE THERE WAS NO RESISTANCE. THE JAPS WERE EITHER SLEEPING OR THEY HAD LEFT CORON COMPLETELY."

"... WE WALKED ALONG TOWARD THEIR CAMP, WHICH LOOKED DESERTED, BUT WE WEREN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES. SUDDENLY I STUMBLED INTO A SMALL HOLE IN THE GROUND...."



"AND FROM THE INTENSE PAIN, I REALIZED MY LEG WAS BROKEN. I DIDN'T DARE CRY OUT FOR HELP, SO I JUST LAY THERE, WHILE THE REST OF THE MEN WENT ON AHEAD..."



THE FACES OF THE MEN BECAME FROZEN WITH FEAR AND TERROR. THEY RACED ABOUT MADLY, CLAWING THE AIR WITH RIGID HANDS, AS THOUGH BEATING OFF SOME UNSEEN ENEMY.

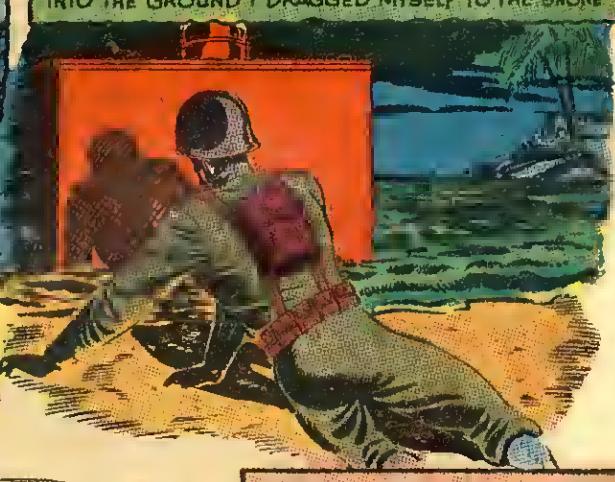
... THEN IT HAPPENED. AN AGONIZING PAIN OF THE THROAT FELL UPON THE MEN, CAUSING THEM INSTANT DEATH...

ONE BY ONE THE MEN WENT MAD WITH PAIN.



THEN THE JAPS, WHO HAD BEEN WAITING SILENTLY, RUSHED OUT FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES, AND FINISHED OFF WHAT WAS LEFT OF OUR OUTFIT.

MY BODY GROANING WITH PAIN, I MANAGED TO GET MY LEG OUT OF THE HOLE. BY DIGGING MY HANDS INTO THE GROUND I DRAGGED MYSELF TO THE SHORE.



THEN A JAP SAW ME AND STARTED SHOOTING. MIRACULOUSLY, I WAS ABLE TO CLIMB ABOARD ONE OF THE LAUNCHES, START THE MOTOR, AND HEAD HERE.

THEN I MUST HAVE PASSED OUT. THAT IS ALL I REMEMBER, UNTIL YOU BROUGHT ME TO.

WHY... THOSE DIRTY... WAIT! I TELL THE CO ABOUT THIS!

PETER HALL TELLS THE CO THE STORY OF THOSE WHO NEVER CAME BACK.

AND I THINK WE SHOULD INVESTIGATE IT NOW, SIR, BEFORE WE MAKE FURTHER ATTEMPTS!

YOU'RE RIGHT. WE MUST. IF IT WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL WE GET REINFORCEMENTS FROM THE MAINLAND.



WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH
MEN LEFT TO INVADE CORON,
AND WITH THAT SECRET WEAP-
ON THE JAPS ARE USING,
WE'LL BE SURE TO LOSE!

YOU'RE
RIGHT,
SIR. BUT
IF THEY AT-
TACK US WE
ARE SUNK!

AS PETER HALL LEAVES
THE CO HE THINKS THE
MATTER OVER.

LATER THAT NIGHT...

NOW TO HEAD FOR
CORON BEFORE I'M
SEEN!

ANOTHER DAY AND IT WILL
BE TOO LATE! HERE'S WHERE
RED CROSS DELIVERS A DOSE
OF DEATH IN PERSON TO
THOSE DIRTY JAPS!



THE RED CROSS RACES THE BOAT TO
WARD CORON.

HMI! IF THAT SOLDIER
HADN'T FALLEN IN THE
HOLE HE'D BE DEAD
TOO! I'LL TAKE A CHANCE
AND STAY CLOSE TO THE
GROUND!

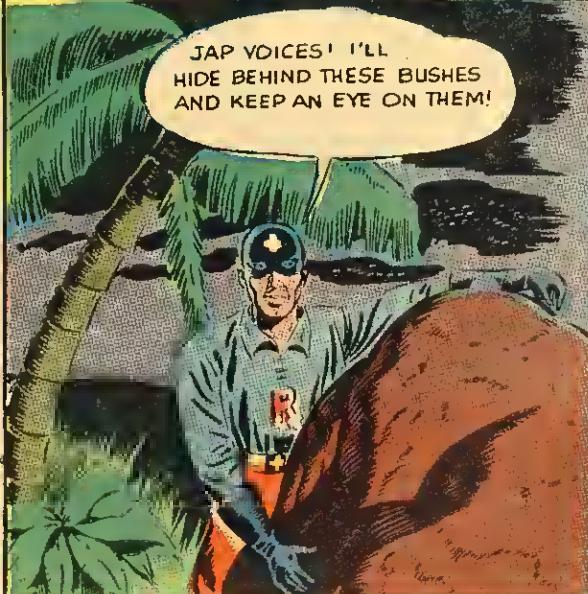
THE RED CROSS LEAVES THE BOAT AT THE BEACH, AND
WALKS IN TOWARD THE INLAND...



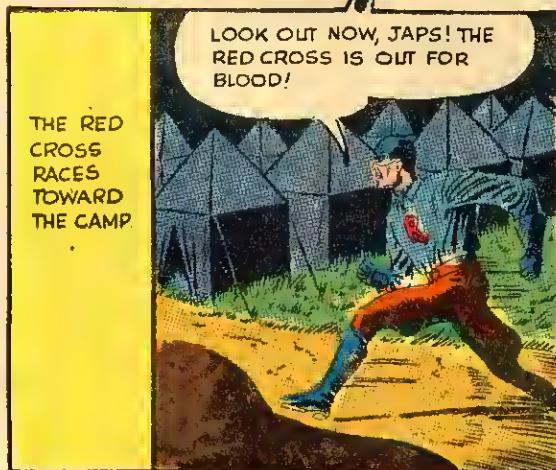
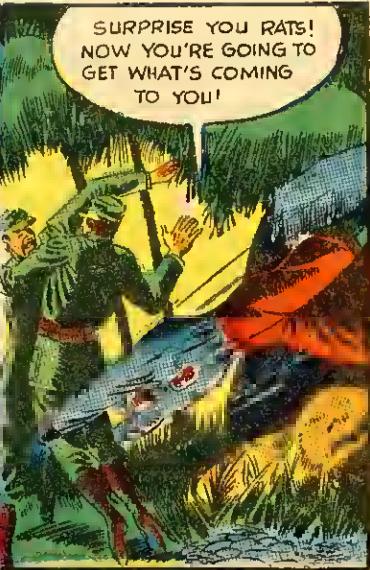
MEANWHILE NOT FAR AWAY....

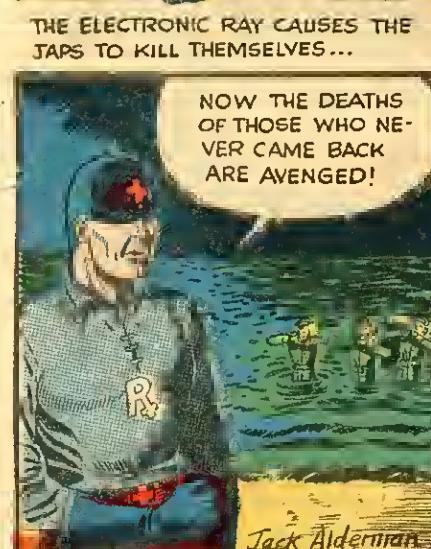
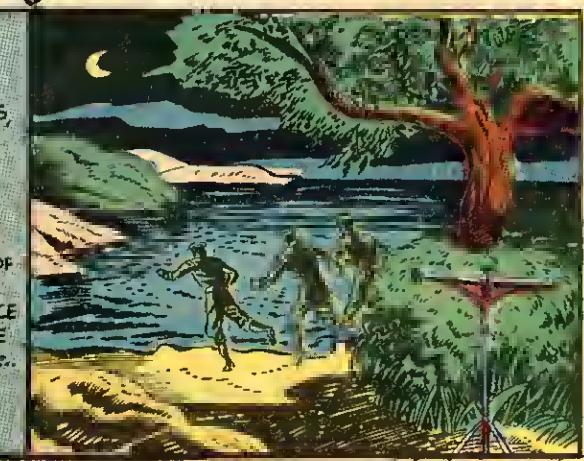
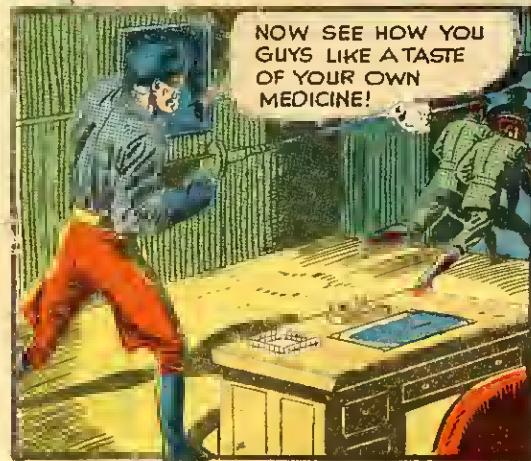
EXPERIMENT OF PRE-
VIOUS DAY PROVES
INVENTION OF HO-
NORABLE SCIENTIST
MOLO IS SUCCESS

SOON WE WILL
USE THIS ON ENTIRE
AMERICAN CITIES.
NIPPON WILL RULE
THE WORLD!

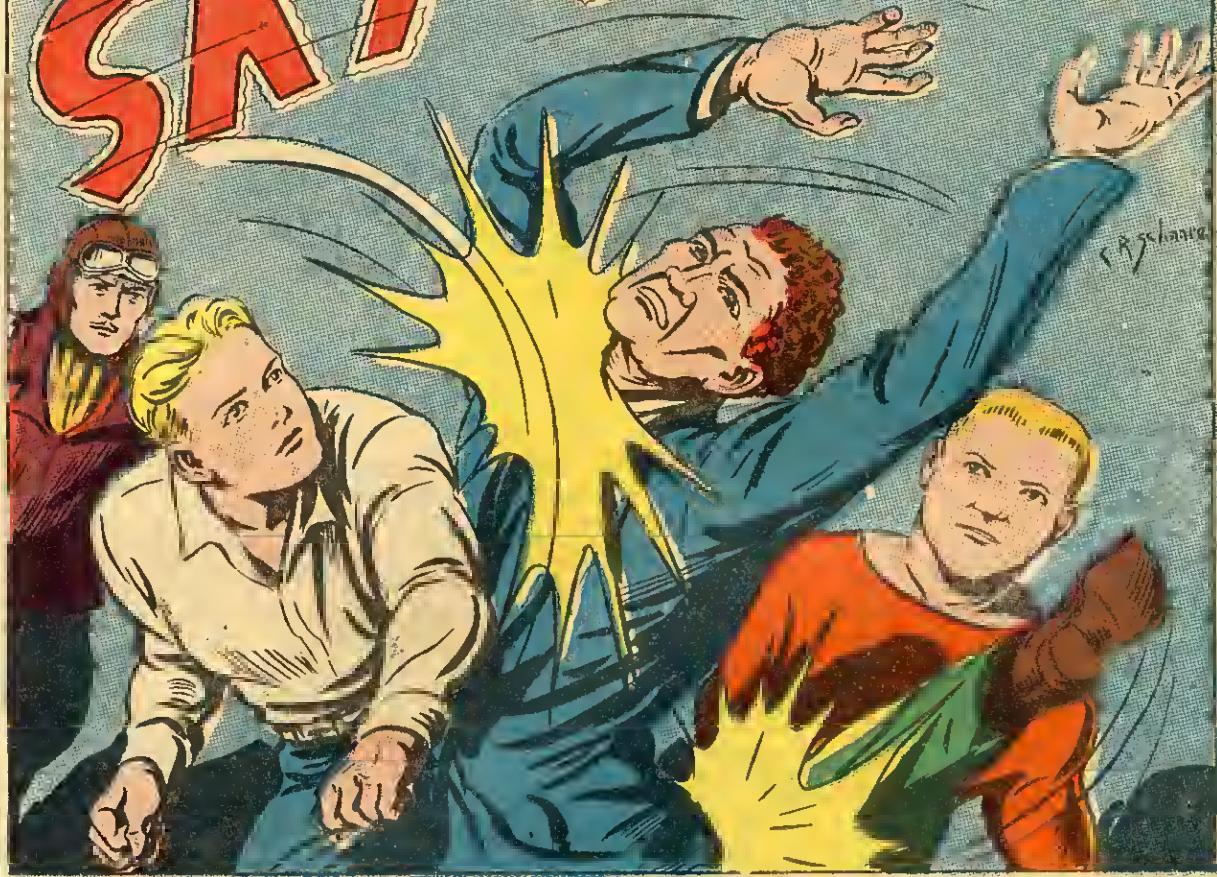


JAP VOICES! I'LL
HIDE BEHIND THESE BUSHES
AND KEEP AN EYE ON THEM!





CAPTAIN Aero's SKY SCOUTS



NOT FAR FROM THE AIRPORT, TIMMY AND BOB TRY OUT THEIR NEW MODEL PLANES AS CAPTAIN AERO LOOKS ON WITH APPROVAL.



ACCOMPANYING CAPT. AERO BACK THE BOYS ARE DISCUSSING AVIATION WHEN

OH, OH! LISTEN TO THAT--SOMEONE'S SCREAMING ---!

SOUNDS LIKE THEY NEED A LITTLE HELP!



--NEARBY, IN THE FARMHOUSE, TWO BOARDERS ARE TAKING THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS. THEY WANT TO INSTALL A HUGE SHORT-WAVE RADIO SET ON THE PREMISES--

LISSEN, KID! IF YOU PLAY BALL WITH US, WE'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOU AND YOUR OLD MANS WHILE--IF YOU DONT--

NO! NO! NO! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO USE OUR HOUSE FOR A FILTHY SPY-NEST! I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU--

--MEANWHILE

YEAH? WELL SEE HOW AFRAID YOU ARE! GRAB THE OLD MAN, PETE! THROTTLE HIM!



ARRIVING ON THE SCENE, CAPTAIN AERO AND THE BOYS ACT FAST--

HMM, NICE! THE DIRTY RATS!

READY TO WORK WITH US, GIRLIE, OR DO WE KNOCK OFF YER OLD MAN?

HELP! YOU COWARDS LET MY FATHER GO!

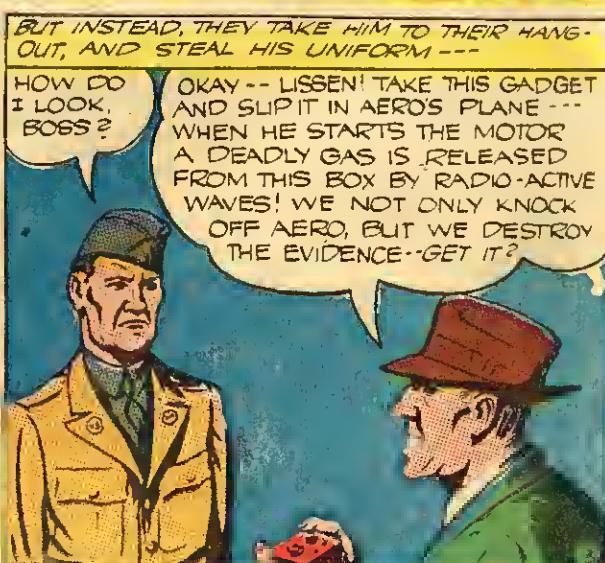
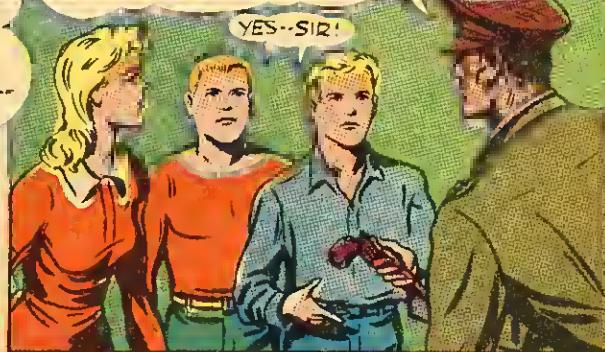




--THOSE MEN CAME HERE AS BOARDERS BECAUSE WE FELT AS THOUGH WE COULD USE THE EXTRA MONEY--THEY SEEMED SUSPICIOUSLY INTERESTED IN THE AIRPORT--THEN, WHEN I SAW WITH THAT RADIO SET IN THEIR ROOM, I GOT FRIGHTENED, AND TOLD THEM TO LEAVE--I GUESS YOU KNOW THE REST--



MISS--YOU MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE BY NOT NOTIFYING THE POLICE--THEY WOULD HAVE KNOWN WHAT TO DO--ITS TOO BAD THEY GOT AWAY--HERE, BOYS, TAKE MY GUN, AND STAND GUARD OVER THIS HOUSE 'TIL I SEND SOMEONE TO RELIEVE YOU--OKAY?



WHERE'S CAPTAIN AERO'S HANGER?
OVER THERE SOLDIER!

NEXT DAY
AS CAPTAIN
AERO IS ABOUT
TO TAKE OFF
IN HIS PLANE...

CAPTAIN
AERO!
A MESS-
AGE FROM
THE
MAJOR!

CHANGE
OF
ORDERS?

LIEUTENANT--TAKE
OVER MY RUN--I'LL
BE IN CONFERENCE
WITH THE MAJOR RE-
GARDING SPY
ACTIVITY---

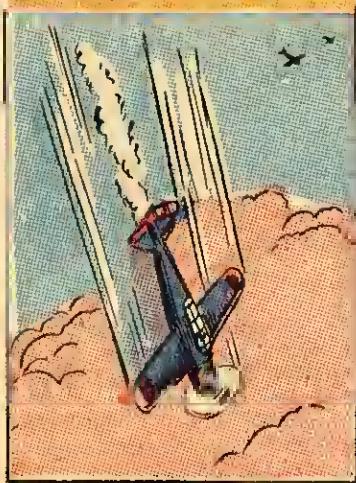
THE LIEUTENANT TAKES
OFF, LITTLE REALIZING THE
DANGER HE IS IN---



CAPTAIN AERO'S PRACTICED EYE
SEES SOMETHING UNUSUAL GOING
ON IN THE PLANE

THE DEADLY GAS CLAIMS
ANOTHER VICTIM, HIGH IN
THE SKY---

--AND THE PLANE GOES
INTO A DEADLY SPIN,
FULL SPEED TO EARTH--



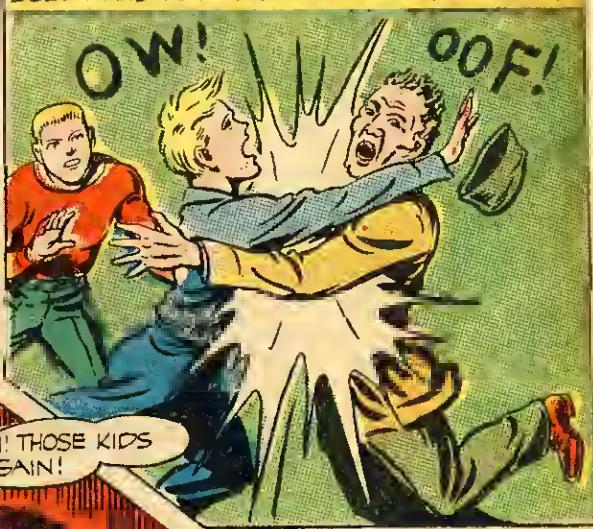
AT THE AIRPORT NEXT DAY ----

COME ON, JIMMY--THERES
ONE OF THOSE NEW
BOMBER'S TAKING
OFF!

I MUST GET THIS
THING IN AERO'S
PLANE...



BOBBY AND PETE HAVE AN UNEXPECTED CLASH!



WHY--WHY YOU
LITTLE--WHY
DON'T YOU
LOOK WHERE
YOUR GOING?

LOOK! LOOK,
BOBBY!!!
RECOGNIZE
HIM?



OH-OH! THOSE KIDS
AGAIN!

THE BOYS PURSUE PETE UNTIL
HE JUMPS INTO AN IDLE JEEP...

DON'T LET
HIM GET AWAY
FROM US!

IVE GOT TO
GET OUT OF
HERE IN A
HURRY---

THE BOYS RACE TO CAPTAIN
AERO TO REPORT EVERYTHING
THAT HAPPENED ----

HE'S ONE OF THE
MEN YOU WANT!
HE'S GETTING
AWAY IN THAT
JEEP!

SURE
HE'S
ONE?
WELL-
LETS
GO
THEN!

WATCH THE ROAD,
JIMMY--COME ON.
BOBBY! MY PLANE
IS STILL ON THE
FIELD---

HURRY!



CAREFULLY NOTING THE ROAD,
BOBBY AND JIMMY ARE NOW
IN THE CAPTAINS PLANE---

THAT'S HIM!
I DON'T THINK SO.
THINK HE KNOWS
WE'RE
READY
TO MEET
HIM!



NOT KNOWING HE IS BEING WATCHED FROM THE SKY, PETE ROARS ALONG THE LITTLE-USED ROAD...



WAITING IN THE BUSHES, THEY SEE THE JEEP RACE INTO THE DRIVEWAY OF A NEARBY SHACK...



LISSEN, BOSS--THEM KIDS SPOTTED ME-- I HADDA SCRAM! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA THIS RACKET, AND RIGHT NOW!

YEAH? TAKE IT EASY, CREAM-PUFF-- YOU'RE--

NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE! YOU'RE THROUGH! I MIGHTA KNOWN YOU'D TURN YELLER!



NO? SO YOU KILLED PETE, THOUGH! HERE'S ONE FOR MY PAL YOU MURDERED! I CAN'T PIN IT ON YOU, BUT YOU'LL SWING FOR THE MUR-

DER OF PETE!
TIE THIS GUN UP, BOYS!

JAKE IS ALL READY TO LEAVE THE SHACK, WHEN---

WELL--WELL! WE MEET AGAIN! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, WISE GUY?
-EH?

CAPTAIN AERO--! LISSEN-- PETE'S THE GUY YOU WANT! I DIDN'T HAVE NUTHIN' TO DO WITH THAT PLANE--



DONT FAIL TO READ THE NEXT THRILLING EPISODE OF CAPTAIN AERO, AND HIS VALIANT SKY SCOUTS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
Captain Aero!®

BONGO the WIZARD

"Step right up, ladies and gentlemen. It's free. It doesn't cost a dollar or a half a dollar or the tenth part of a dollar or even the hundredth part of a dollar. It's absolutely free. Bongo the wizard will answer any question you ask." The barker waved his arm in an inviting gesture and the crowd drew closer.

"Who's first?" he asked, and a woman raised her hand.

"Will my son be all right?" she asked.

The barker nodded to his assistant in the crowd. "Your son is in the service," he said, half inquiringly.

"Why, yes," replied the woman. There was surprise in her face at the fact that he knew.

"Well, Bongo, answer the lady's question," said the barker, turning to the turban-topped, squat, beady-eyed man on the chair beside him.

In a heavy accent, Bongo said: "Your son, he weel be all right. He weel come home safe and sound. There is no need for you to worry."

"Thank you so much," said the woman. The assistant in the crowd approached her.

Off on the edge of the gathering stood Steve Hanley and his colleague. Both of them had their eyes glued on the assistant and the woman. They edged closer, to hear what he was saying to her.

"Madam," he was saying, while the barker called for another question, may I congratulate you. Bongo is never wrong. Your son will be safe. If you wish, I can arrange to have a private session for you. There will be no charge. Bongo will be glad to delve deep into the unknown and tell you more—much more about your son—how he is and what he is thinking."

"Would he?" said the woman. "I should be so grateful. I want so much to hear about my son."

"Come to 173 Sutton Boulevard tonight at nine. Bongo will be waiting for you."

He went away and at a signal from the barker approached another woman.

"You see what I mean?" said Steve.

The other nodded. "I think you've got something there," he said. "What do we do now?"

"Nothing yet," said Steve. "except to get a few operatives to surround 137 Sutton Boulevard at nine o'clock."

The pair walked off. As they turned to go, the barker saw them. He bit his lip and hastily summoned his assistant from the crowd. "See those two?" he asked. "I don't like the way

they look. Change the appointments to the Olive Street address, quick, before the women leave."

At nine o'clock, at 22 Olive Street, the barker admitted the woman who had asked the first question. Bongo was seated in a blue light at a low table on which rested a crystal ball. He seemed deep in reverie. At a sign from the barker, the woman seated herself before Bongo. "You want to know more about your son?" asked the latter.

"Oh, yes," said the woman eagerly.

"He is in Africa, perhaps?"

"I'm not supposed to tell," said the woman.

"If you resist me mentally, I cannot help you," said Bongo. "But perhaps you do not weesh to cooperate."

"Ah, but I do," said the woman. "I'd do anything to have news of my son. He's—he's stationed in—"

"Yes—yes—go on," said Bongo eagerly.

"He's stationed on Attu."

"Weeth what regiment?"

"Must you know that too?"

"Eef you want me to help you."

Just as the woman was about to speak there was a sharp rap at the door. Bongo and the barker started.

Before they could collect themselves, the door opened and Steve entered with his companion of the afternoon.

"Well, Myra," said Steve to the woman. "was I right?"

She stood up, a grim smile on her face. "I'll say you were," she said. "They tried to pump me for military information, as they must have been doing to all the other women."

Steve had already whipped out a revolver and he had the pair covered.

"You are weeth them—weeth these men!" exclaimed Bongo.

The barker uttered an oath. "I spotted those guys for Government men the minute I saw them he said. But I never thought that she—"

"Come along," said Steve. "You've got a lot of talking to do, you two. And I can't promise any parties for you after that. I guess the chief was right. There are some cases in which a woman operative has it all over a man. Nice work, Myra. You look more like the mother of a soldier than anyone I ever saw. Too bad for these guys that the only child you have in the service is a WAAC."

Alias X



BY
HERMAN C.
BROWNER



EVER SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF BIOTIN, THE MOST POWERFUL VITAMIN ON EARTH, SCIENTISTS HAVE TRIED TO DUPLICATE THIS GROWTH PROMOTING VITAMIN BY SYNTHETIC MEANS TO OVERCOME THE NATURAL PRODUCTS SCARCITY AND ENORMOUS COST.

WHEN DR. FRANK BLACK, AFTER A LIFELONG SEARCH, FINDS A WAY TO PRODUCE BIOTIN SYNTHETICALLY, HE DID NOT DREAM TO WHAT

WOULD BE PUT TO BY THE RUTHLESS ENEMIES OF OUR DEMOCRACY --

BEHIND THE INNOCENT FRONT OF A PRIVATE SANATORIUM, SINISTER MINDS PLOT AGAINST THE SAFETY OF OUR BELOVED COUNTRY --

I AM SORRY, MR. WAGNER, YEAH, BOSS. BUT THE PEOPLE ARE GOODS ARE AROUSED. ISN'T THAT HARD TO GET. TRUE, MIKE?

MAYBE WE SHOULD MOVE?



MEANWHILE, AT CITY HALL A GROUP OF PROMINENT CITIZENS CONFER WITH THE MAYOR --

I ASSURE YOU EVERY--(WELL, IT ISN'T THING HUMANLY POSSIBLE IS BEING DONE) ENOUGH! WE REFUSE TO TO STOP THIS WAVE SEND OUR OF KIDNAPPINGS-- CHILDREN TO SCHOOL UNPROTECTED!



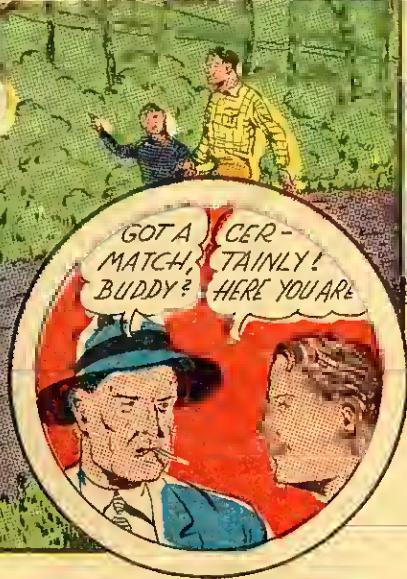
ALIAS X, WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED TO SPEND A FEW DAYS WITH HIS FRIEND WILLIAM CORD, RETURNS FROM A WALK WITH EDDY CORD'S ONLY SON ---

YOU KNOW, I'M NOT ALLOWED ON THE STREET WHEN IT GETS DARK, MOTHER WILL BE WORRIED!

WHY, EDDY? SHE KNOWS YOU'RE WITH ME!

AS THEY APPROACH A BEND ON THE ROAD-

HERE COMES SOMETHING WE CAN USE! GET READY!



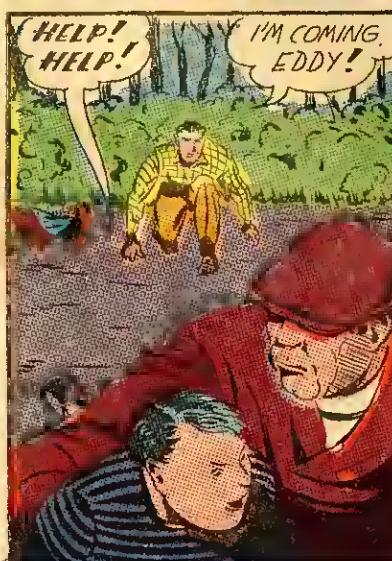
LOOK OUT!

SHUT YER TRAP, YOU BRAT!



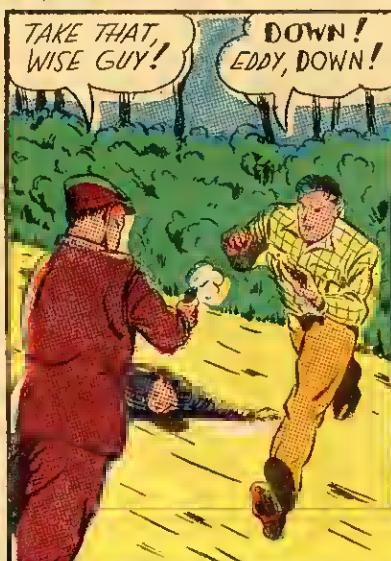
HELP! HELP!

I'M COMING, EDDY!

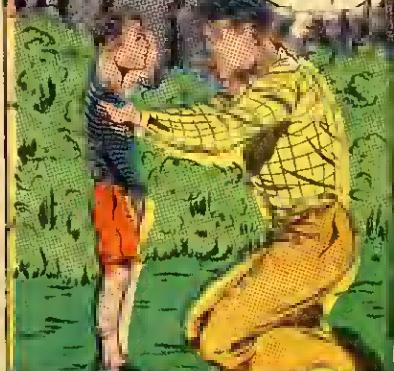


TAKE THAT, WISE GUY!

DOWN! EDDY, DOWN!



THAT MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE KIDNAPPERS! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?



A
SHORT TIME
LATER
AT THE
CORD'S HOME,
EDDY'S
PARENTS RE-
LATE A TER-
RIBLE STORY



THIS IS ALL WE HAVE AT THE MOMENT, AND THIS ONE IS NOT READY YET, WAGNER!

BAH! EXCUSES! I MUST HAVE SIX BY THE END OF DER WEEK! GET THEM OR YOUR PARENTS IN GERMANY WILL PAY THE CONSEQUENCES!



-- TWO STRANGERS INTERRUPT THEIR GAME --

STRIKE THREE! YER OUT! DROP THAT BAT MUG!





FINDING HIMSELF LOCKED IN, ALIAS X RETURNS
TO THE MORTALLY WOUNDED DR. BLACK ---

CAN I DO
ANYTHING
FOR YOU?

NO, THANK YOU! I AM GLAD IT
IS OVER -- THERE IS SOMETHING
I WANT YOU TO DO -- RELEASE
THOSE POOR DEVILS IN THE
BASEMENT -- SECRET PASSAGE
BEHIND FIREPLACE -- ANTI-SERUM
IN WAGNER'S SAFE --

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN? WHO ARE
THESE CREATURES?

THE MISSING CHILDREN!
I DISCOVERED AN INEXPENSIVE
WAY OF MAKING SYNTHETIC
BIOTIN -- MAKES THEM GROW
STRONG -- BUT NOT MENTALLY--
-- MUST GET WAGNER -- NAZI
AGENT -- HE DRAWS MONEY
TO PARENTS -- PROMISE!

DISCOVERING THE PASSAGE-WAY
ALIAS X ENTERS THE BASEMENT
DORMITORY ONLY TO FIND --

GONE!

MEANWHILE, MIKE WITH HIS HOR-
RIBLE CARGO IS SPEEDING TO-
WARDS WAGNER'S HIDEOUT --

FOR HEAVENS SAKE, I AN NUTS!
WATCH THOSE
JOHNS, MIKE!
(WE GOTTA
MAKE TIME!

IGNORANT OF THE FACT THAT
ALIAS X HAS PICKED-UP THEIR
TRAIL, MIKE REACHES THE HIDEOUT-

WHAT IS UP? YOU
KNOW IT IS
AGAINST MY
ORDERS TO
COME HERE!
GET THESE
IDIOTS UPSTAIRS!
KEEP YER
SHIRT ON!
THINGS ARE
GETTING TOO
HOT IN
TOWN!

ALIAS X HAS WATCHED
THE LAST OF THE LITTLE
GIANTS ENTER THE HOUSE --

LOOK OUT
WAGNER!

YOU MEAN, LOCK
UP WAGNER, I'LL
DO THAT, RAT!

NOT SO FAST -- STAND WHERE
YOU ARE -- DAT DUMMKOPF
MIKE! I'LL KILL HIM FOR DAT!



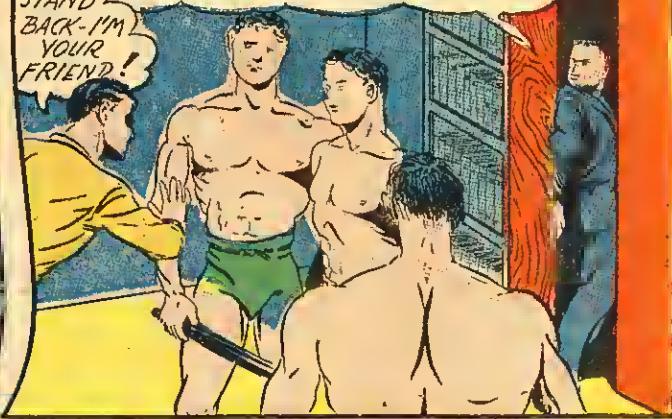
SUDDENLY A STRANGE PROCESSION ENTERS—
GOOD GRIEF! AT HIM BOYS! HE HAS
LOOK AT THAT!

COME TO TAKE YOUR
PAPA AWAY FROM YOU!
TEAR HIM APART!



THE LITTLE GIANTS, STILL DROWSY, ARE TOO
FRIGHTENED TO OBEY WAGNER'S COMMAND---

YOU VILL NEVER GET ME!
I'LL BLOW YOU TO KINGDOM COME!
STAND BACK—I'M YOUR FRIEND!



IN THE CELLAR, WAGNER, HIS TWISTED
BRAIN BENT ON DESTROYING HIS
ENEMIES, PULLS A SWITCH —

I'LL SHOW
THEM! HEIL HITLER!



REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, ALIAS X HAS
SUCCEEDED IN FREEING THE LITTLE
GIANTS FROM THE SMOLDERING DEBRIS—

THANK GOD, THEY'RE ALL RIGHT,
JUST STUNNED! --- AH, HERE
IS BLACK'S FORMULA WHICH WILL
CURE THESE POOR CREATURES!



THAT'S WHAT IS LEFT
OF WAGNER! I HOPE
HITLER JOINS HIM SOON!



WITH THE AID OF DR. BLACK'S SERUM
THE LITTLE GIANTS SOON RESUME
THEIR FORMER PHYSICAL APPEARANCE
AND ARE RESTORED TO THEIR OVER-
JOYED PARENTS ---

WELL, AT LAST I CAN ENJOY THE
REST OF MY STAY! GOT A BITE, EDDYH



WATCH FOR
ANOTHER
ADVENTURE
OF

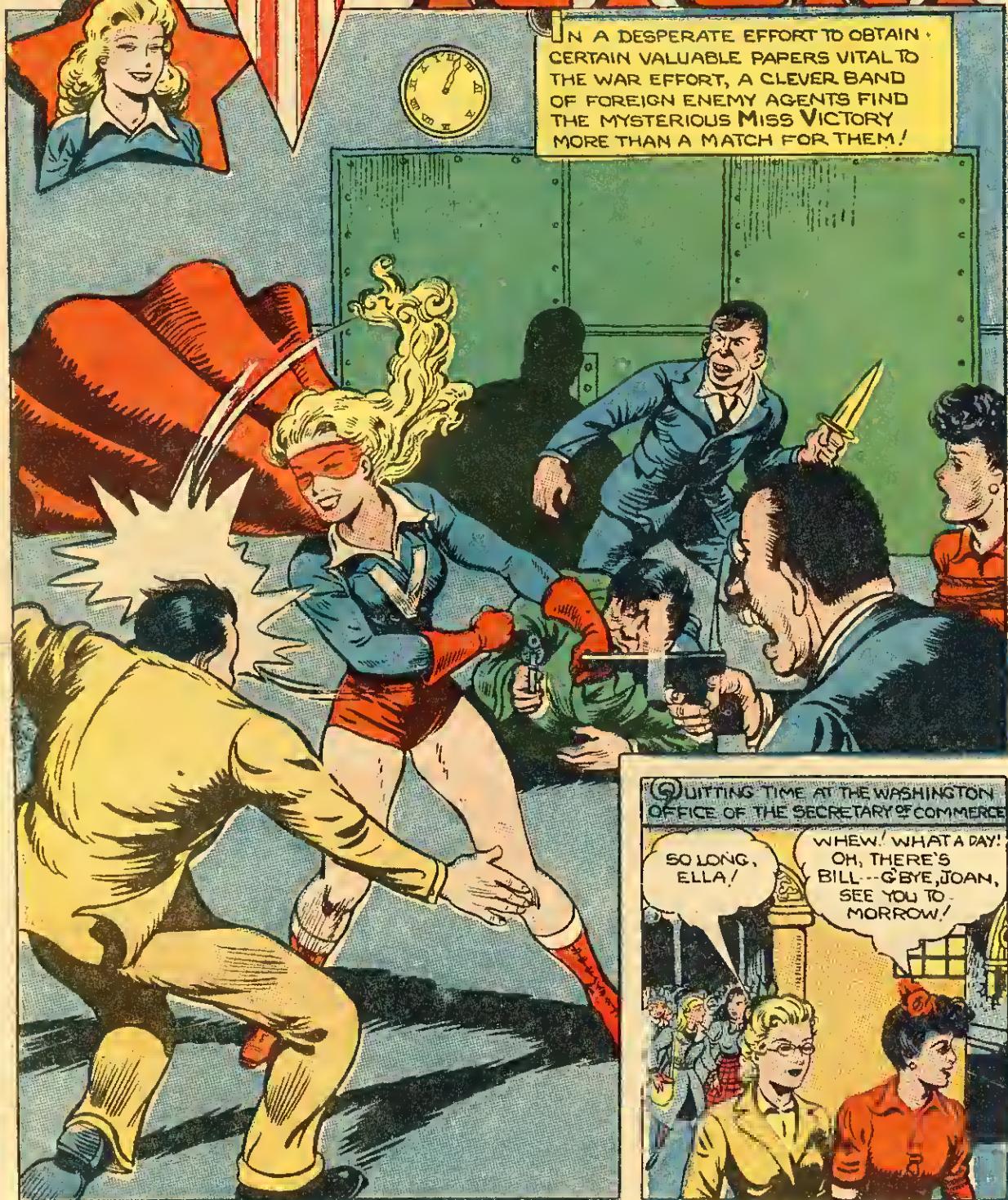
*"Alias
X"*

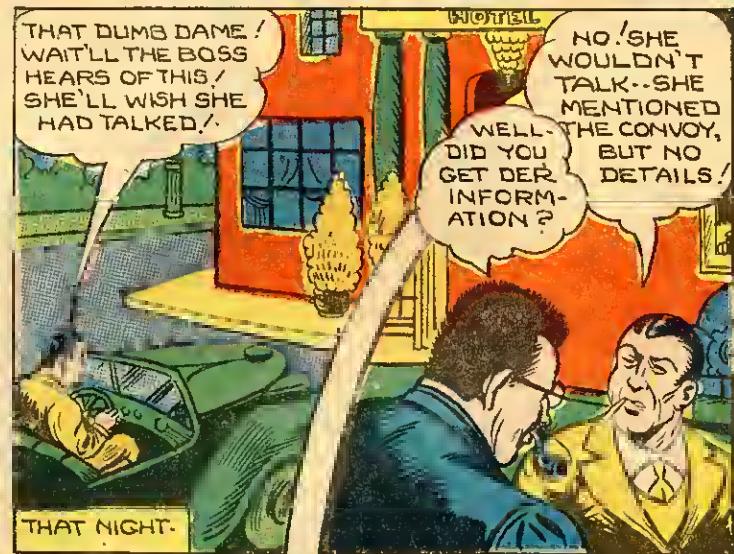
IN THE
NEXT
ISSUE
OF

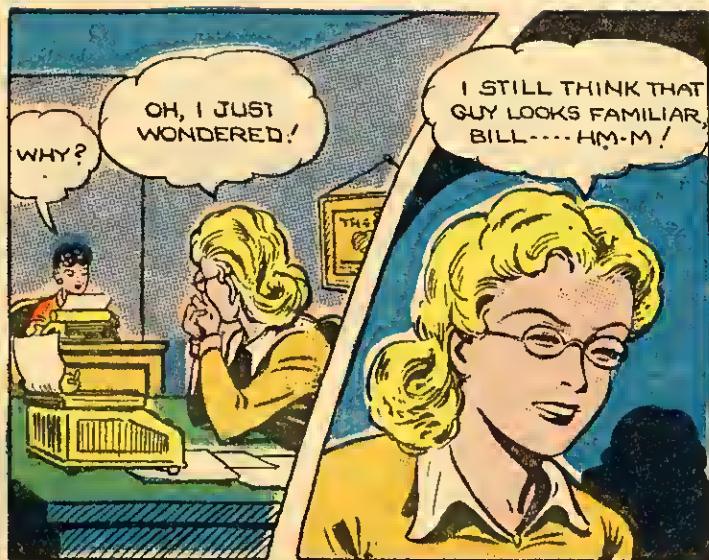
*"Captain
Aero"*

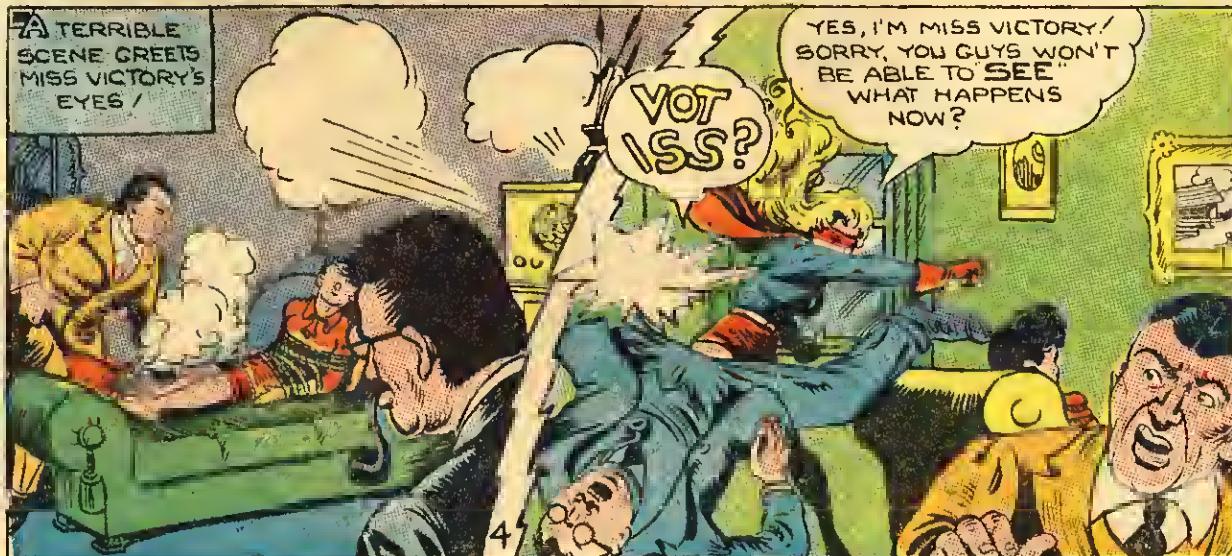
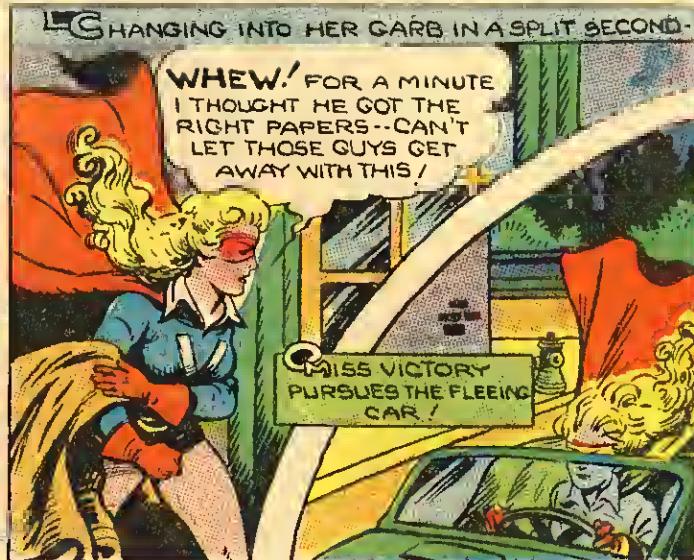
Miss Victory

In a desperate effort to obtain certain valuable papers vital to the war effort, a clever band of foreign enemy agents find the mysterious Miss Victory more than a match for them!









GANOTHER NAZI APPEARS FROM
ANOTHER ROOM!

I GIFF IT TO YOU
NOW, YOUNG
SNOOPER /

HERE, DOPE -- A
SAMPLE GIFT
FROM US!

ALSO ONE FOR
YOU, STUPID!

BAM!



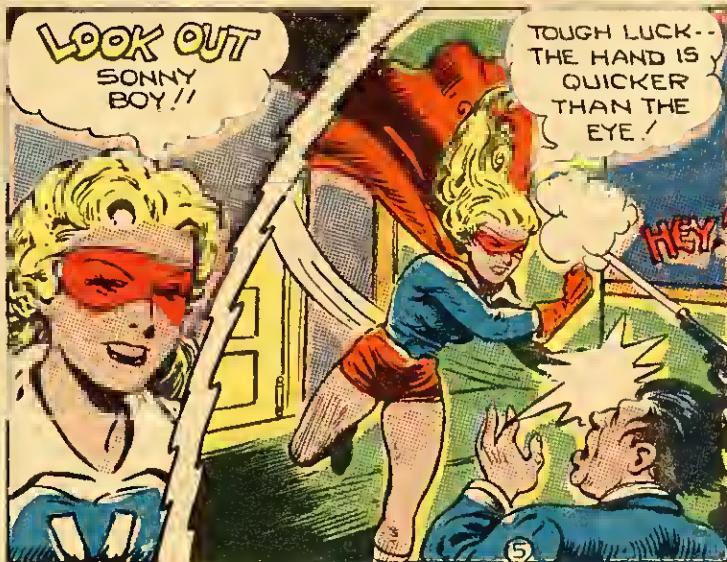
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE,
FRANZ - AND
DON'T
MISS !



LOOK OUT
SONNY
BOY !!

TOUGH LUCK--
THE HAND IS
QUICKER
THAN THE
EYE !

HEY !





It's Coming!

AMERICA'S MOST UNUSUAL
COMIC MAGAZINE...

SUSPENSE

COMICS



WHAT STRANGE MYSTERIES DO THE WHEELS OF DESTINY GRIND FROM THE GRAINS OF CHANCE? WHY DOES THE WEIRD FIGURE OF ADVENTURE COME CLOAKED IN THE GARMENT OF CIRCUMSTANCE? ...WHO WEAVES THE WEB THAT ENTANGLES THE LIVES OF ORDINARY INDIVIDUALS ...? WHERE IS THE SOURCE OF INTRIGUE, TRAGEDY, AND TERROR ...? WHAT STRANGE EXPERIENCES LURK BEHIND THE CLOSED DOOR --- THE DRAWN BUNDS --- THE EERIE SHADOWS OF A DARK ALLEY ...? THE DISMAL HOWL OF A HOUND AT EVENTIDE ...? MIDNIGHT...! AND A SHAPELESS HULK APPEARING OUT OF THE GLOOM --- RUN THE GAMUT OF EMOTIONS IN THIS NEW STARTLINGLY ORIGINAL MAGAZINE --- WATCH FOR **SUSPENSE!!!!!!**

FOR THE BEST IN COMICS ---

Read

CAT-MAN

COMICS

Featuring "The CATMAN and the KITTEN" "BLACKOUT" "The Deacon and Mickey" "LITTLE LEADERS" "The HOOD" and many others, plus the thrilling "PERSONAL ADVENTURE" SECTION!



Everybody -- IS FOLLOWING THE UNUSUAL FLYING ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN AERO --- THAT DASHING DEVIL-MAY-CARE KING OF THE SKY-TRAILS!

CAPTAIN AERO

COMICS

America's FOREMOST Fast-Action Air Stories!
Featuring "MISS VICTORY" "ALIAS X" "COMMANDOS of the DEVIL-DOGS" "SKY SCOUTS" --- AND MANY OTHER TOP-NOTCH COMIC-MAGAZINE CHARACTERS ---

Commandos

of the

DEVIL-DOGS



HIGH-HANDED TREACHERY
IN THE STEAMING JUNGLES
OF GUADALCANAL!
TOJOS BUTCHERS STOP'
AT NOTHING TO CARRY
OUT THEIR SCHEMES FOR
A NIPPONSE CONQUEST--
--AND A BEAUTIFUL
GIRL MUST AID THESE
MADMEN, OR ---
BUT READ ON, AND
LEARN THE SECRET OF

"SHALNA of the
ISLANDS"

Story by JACK GROGAN
Art by MARC BORGATTA

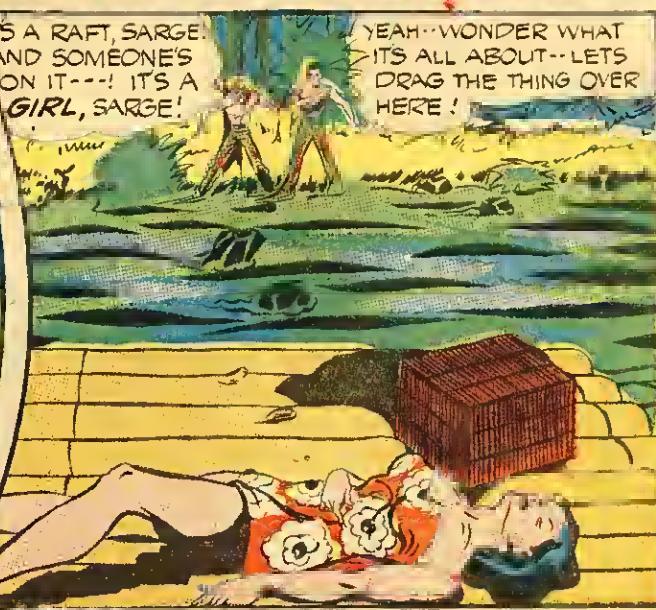
WALLY AND SARGE ARE TAKING A
HARD-EARNED REST ONE NIGHT--

THOSE NIPPOS SURE
GIVE US PLENTY OF
TROUBLE, SARGE--
Y'KNOW, --I --

WAIT, WALLY!
WHATS THAT
ON THE RIVER?

IT'S A RAFT, SARGE!
AND SOMEONE'S
ON IT---! IT'S A
GIRL, SARGE!

YEAH..WONDER WHAT
IT'S ALL ABOUT--LETS
DRAG THE THING OVER
HERE!



(GLUB) GOSH! A
GIRL! A REAL
LIVE (GLUB) GIRL!
WE AINT SEEN
A GIRL SINCE...

SHUT UP, AND
SAVE YOUR
BREATH, CHUMP...
WE'VE GOT
WORK TO
DO ---'

A FEW MINUTES LATER, ON THE SHORE---

GEE! SHE SURE
IS PRETTY--EH,
SARGE --?

YEAH--LOOKS LIKE
A NATIVE ISLAND
GIRL--CMON--WE
GOTTA BRING HER
BACK TO CAMP--
SHE'S OUT COLD!



LATER--AT THE MARINE CAMP

WHAT THE
HECK IS
THIS ALL
ABOUT?

SARGE AND I
CAN PICK UP
GIRLS EVEN
HERE EH
SARGE?

THE GIRL IS REVIVED AT
CAPTAIN GREY'S QUARTERS...



O-OHHHHH---WHERE AM I?
WHAT HAPPENED TO ME--?



SWIFTLY SARGE
TELLS HER OF THE
JUNGLE PLAN

OH! THANK YOU SO-- IT WAS SO HORRIBLE--
THOSE AWFUL JAPS MURDERED MY FATHER AND
MOTHER-- THEY CHASED ME-- I LOST
THEM IN THE JUNGLE-- FOUND
A RAFT-- I GUESS I FAINTED--



WELL, DONT WORRY AT ALL--
YOU'RE PERFECTLY SAFE
HERE-- WHAT IS YOUR
NAME, AND WHAT ARE
THOSE PIGEONS
DOING WITH YOU?



MY NAME IS SHALNA --- MY FATHER WAS CHIEFTAIN ON MOALOA--THE LARGEST ISLAND IN THIS GROUP--THOSE ARE MY PRETTY PIGEONS--I TOOK THEM BECAUSE I WANTED NO HARM TO COME TO THEM.

--WELL, MISS--YOU JUST LIE HERE AND REST--
WELL FIND SUITABLE ACCOMMODATIONS FOR YOU--COME ON MEN!

THANK YOU, SO VERY MUCH--



SO--THAT'S YOUR GAME, YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSIN' DAME! YOU'RE A SPY FOR THE NIPS, JUST LIKE I FIGURED WHEN I SAW THOSE CARRIER PIGEONS!

OH-H-H!

C'MON, YA BROWN MATA HARI--TALK! WHAT'S YER STORY, ANYHOW?

YOU HURT ME--OHH! I'LL TELL ALL!

--AND THE LITTLE BROWN BEASTS CAME--THEY HOLD MY FATHER AND MOTHER PRISONERS! THEY MADE ME COME HERE, AND COUNT THE NUMBER OF MEN HERE, AND PUT THE NUMBER ON A CARRIER PIGEON--THEY WILL KILL MY FATHER AND MOTHER IF I DIDN'T --!

WELL-- DID YOU?

YEAH-- DID YOU?

YE-ES--! BUT I TOOK THAT NUMBER, AND MULTIPLIED IT BY FIVE! THEY'LL THINK YOU HAVE A LARGE FORCE HERE --!

PLEASE! BELIEVE ME!

--AND WE CAN GRAB THOSE NIPS, CAP? WE CAN GET THEIR SUPPLIES AND GUNS--TONIGHT!

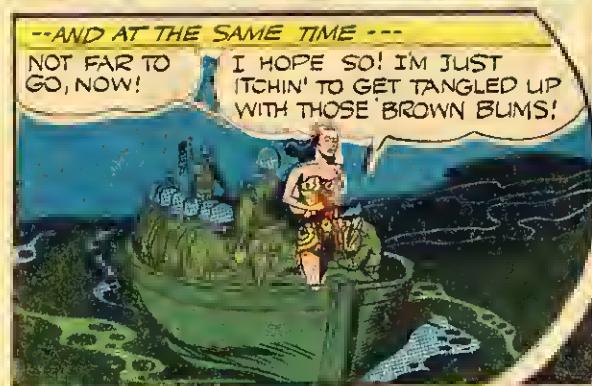
SUPPOSE THE GIRL IS LYING?

I'LL SWEAR SHE ISN'T TOO MUCH IS AT STAKE FOR HER TO LIE!

OKAY--TONIGHT IT IS--!

HMM--I'M GLAD YOU DID THAT! IT'LL GIVE US TIME TO ORGANIZE! LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP --!

THE LITTLE BROWN MEN ARE ONLY TWICE YOUR NUMBER--AND COWARDS--! THEY MADE ME DO THIS BECAUSE THEY KNEW I WOULDN'T LET MY FATHER AND MOTHER DIE AT THEIR HANDS--! I WILL GUIDE YOU DOWNSTREAM!



THE DEVIL-DOG
COMMANDOS
ARRIVE! WITH
THE SPEED OF
GREASED LIGHT-
NING, AND THE
FURY OF A
MILLION THUN-
DERBOLTS, THEY
LASH OUT AT
THE JAP
GARRISON...



THIS IS FROM
MY PEOPLE
YOU BROWN
PIG!

AGHRRRRR!

TORTURE WOMEN AND
CHILDREN, WILL YA--YA
MONKEY FACED BLIM!

THERE'S ONE
MORE SON
THAT AINT
GONNA
RISE!

EXACTLY FIVE
MINUTES LATER...

A JOB WELL
DONE, SERGEANT
TANNER!

THANKS,
CAPTAIN--
WE CAN THANK
SHALNA, TOO!

THAT EVENING, AFTER A GOOD NATIVE MEAL, AND A HARD-
EARNED REST--

AW, SARGE!
GIMME A
BREAK! I
SAW HER
FIRST, TOO!

WHY DONT
YOU GET
LOST, ROOKIE?

PLEASE,
BOYS--



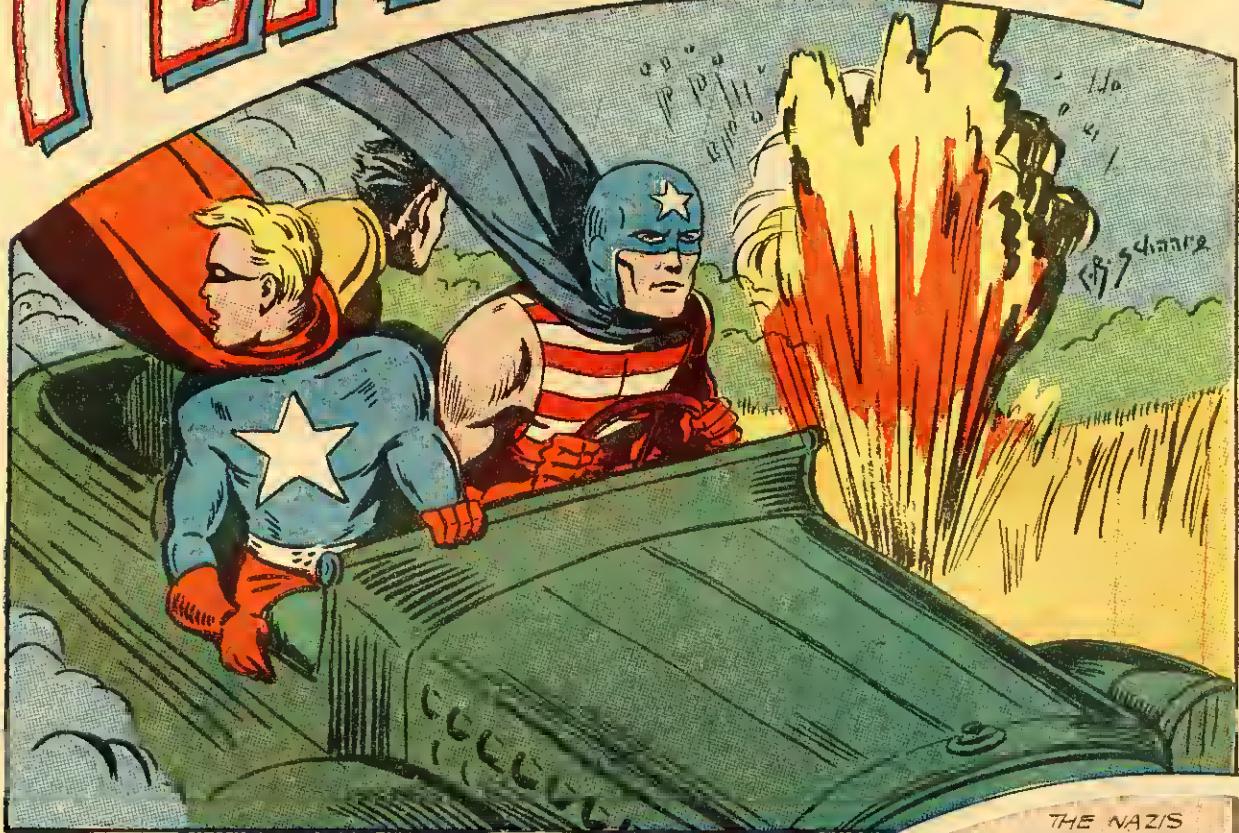
SHE SURE IS A NICE TOMATO,
SARGE-- EH? WASN'T IT NICE
OF HER TO LET THE
BOTH OF US WALK
HER HOME?

YEAH--
WHAT WAS
SWELL
ABOUT IT?
CAN'T YOU
EVER TAKE
A HINT?

WALLY AND SARGE ARE IN FOR A
LOT OF UNUSUAL SURPRISES IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF CAPT. AERO-----

BUY WAR BONDS and STAMPS

FLAGMAN



THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND, HEADED BY JACQUES GAUGANNE, IS, AS USUAL, ACTIVE IN THE VERY FACE OF NAZI OPPRESSION AND TYRANNY --

LOOK! GAUGANNE HAS DONE IT AGAIN! OUR UNDERGROUND PAPER SAYS THAT HE DESTROYED MORE TRAINLOADS OF AMMUNITION FROM --

SO! THEY READ UNDERGROUND NEWS?

THE NAZIS TRY TO COMBAT THE UNDERGROUND NEWS WITH LITTLE SUCCESS!

HALDT! HALDT, FRENCH DOGS! WAIT! I --

VIVE LE GAUGANNE!



FIND OUT WHO PRINTS
DIS VERBOOTEN RAG
OF A PAPER, OR VE
ARE DISGRACED! GO!
MACH SCHNELL ---!

HERE ISS A BOY I FOUND MIT
PAPERS, MIEN CAPITAN! HF
MIGHT KNOW WHO ---

HUN PIG, EH? TALK--YOU LITTLE
SWINE, OR YOU GET THAT! WHO
IS GAUGANNE?

YOU'LL GET
NOTHING FROM
ME, HUN PIG!



JACQUES! THEY ARE TORTUR-
ING MY BOY! DONT LET
HIM DIE! DO SOMETHING,
QUICKLY---PLEASE---

OUI! ---THERE
IS BUT ONE
THING TO DO---

GAUGANNE DOES THE ONLY THING HE CAN
DO---GOES TO THE GESTAPO---!



GAUGANNE IS WHISKED AWAY TO DER
FEUHRER HIMSELF ---!

LOOK WHO VE HAVE HERE,
OH GREAT ONE! GAUGANNE,
CAUSE OF ALL FRENCH
UPRISING!

NISCHT GOOT!
VE HAFF BIG
PARTY FOR DISS!
GET ME TELEPHONE,
QVICK ---!



MUSSY? COME OVER, QVICK! AT LAST
VE HAFF A CHANCE TO CELEBRATE---
VE HAFF CHUST CAPTURED DER
SWINE GAUGANNE ---!

WHO?
GAUGANNE?
GOODA! I
COME RIGHTA
OVER BOSS! I'M
NOT SUCHA SWELL
GUY IN ITALY AFTER
ALL---I JUSTA FOUND
OUT ---!



--MAJOR HORNET, AND RUSTY, ON SPECIAL DUTY
IN TUNISIA HEAR THE BAD NEWS--

MIEN COMRADES! YOUR
FEUHRER SPEAKS! VE
HAFF CAPTURED DER
FAMOUS GAUGANNE,
LEADER OF DER
FRENCH UNDERGROUND!
VE VILL EXECUTE
HIM, AND QUICKLY--!

OH-OH! RUSTY!
YOU AND THE
FLAGMAN HAVE
ANOTHER JOB TO
DO---!

-FLAGMAN AND RUSTY THEN APPEAR BEFORE
AN AMERICAN SUB COMMANDER--

---AND THAT'S OUR PLAN,
SIR! CAN YOU DO IT?

I'LL TRY' ITS SUICE
SUICIDE, BUT I'LL
TAKE YOU TO THE
COAST OF FRANCE!

LATER, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, THE
TWO SWIM FROM THE SUB TO THE FRENCH
COAST--

-AND
ARE
DISCOVERED
BY THE NAZIS--!

DER FLAGMAN!
SHOOTT--QUICK!

NOT SO
FAST, MUGG!

STEEL-LIKE FINGERS CHOKED WORDS FROM
THE NAZI OFFICER--

I'LL--I'LL (GLUG!)
TALK! PLEASE---

TAKE US TO GAU-
GANNE! QUICK!

SOON--OVERLOOKING THE EXECUTION ARENA,
THEY WATCH GAUGANNE BEING LED TO THE
FIRING-SQUAD--

DER HE ISS, BUT YOU'RE
TOO LATE, FLAGMAN!

MAYBE--

VH,

--WHILE DOWN BELOW, HITLER AND MUSSOLINI GET READY TO ENJOY THEMSELVES--

-WITH GAUGANNE GONE, MUSSY WE CAN WORK UP SOME SWELL PROPAGANDA, JA?

JA! I MEANA SURE! SURE! WE GOTTA WORKA UP SUMPTHIN, ADOLPH-- IN A BIGGA HURRY -- SURE!

FLAGMAN PICKS UP THE NAZI AND HURLS HIM DOWN!



HEY! WHATSA GOIN' ON, ADOLPH, OLDA PAL?

DER LUFTWAFFE IS DOING SOME STUNTS--- I HOPE!

GET GAUGANNE, RUSTY! I'LL KEEP EM BUSY UP HERE!

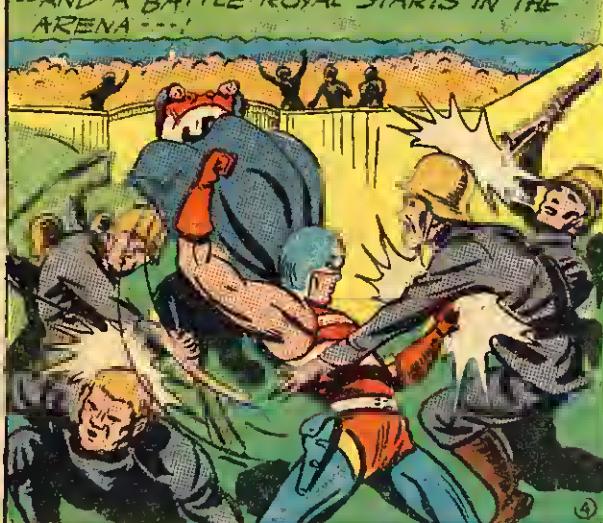
FLAGMAN LEAPS DOWN-- RIGHT ON THE TWO DICTATORS!

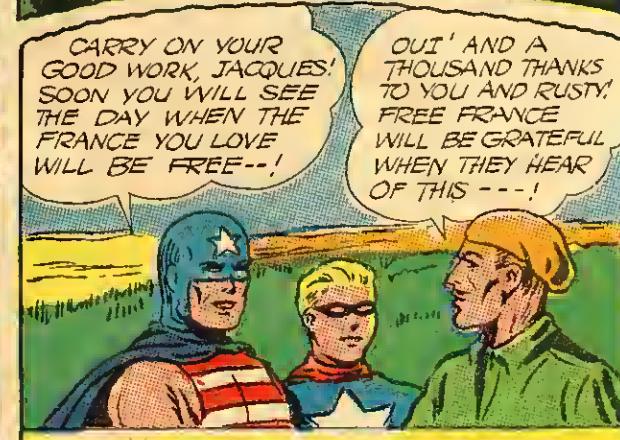
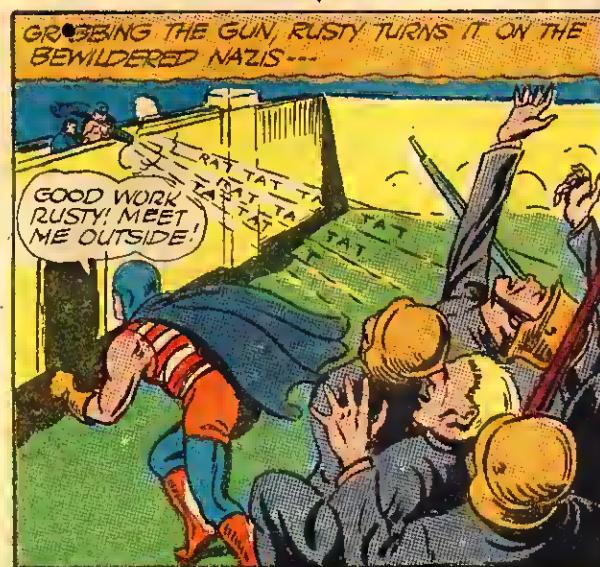
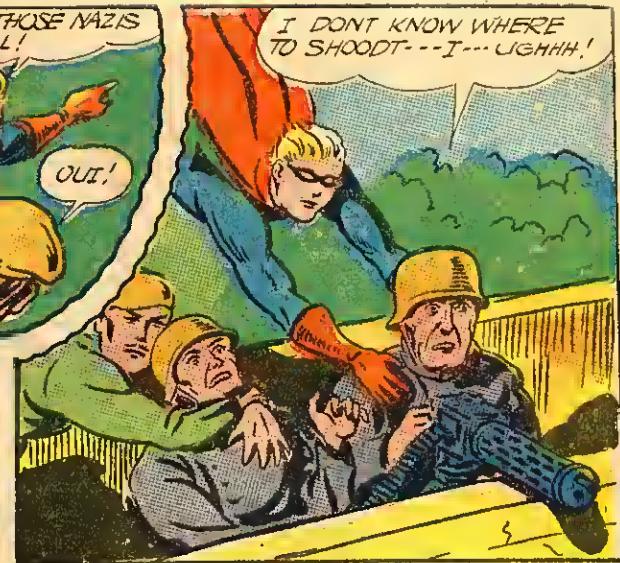


THE NAZI OFFICER CRASHES INTO THE FIRING SQUAD--!



--AND A BATTLE ROYAL STARTS IN THE ARENA --!





ANOTHER PUNCH-PACKED EPISODE
IN THE STIRRING LIVES OF THE
FLAGMAN AND RUSTY, IN NEXT
MONTHS ISSUE ---

BUY WAR BONDS and STAMPS!

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Your LODGE Emblem and Name Engraved, in 23K. Gold Absolutely FREE

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